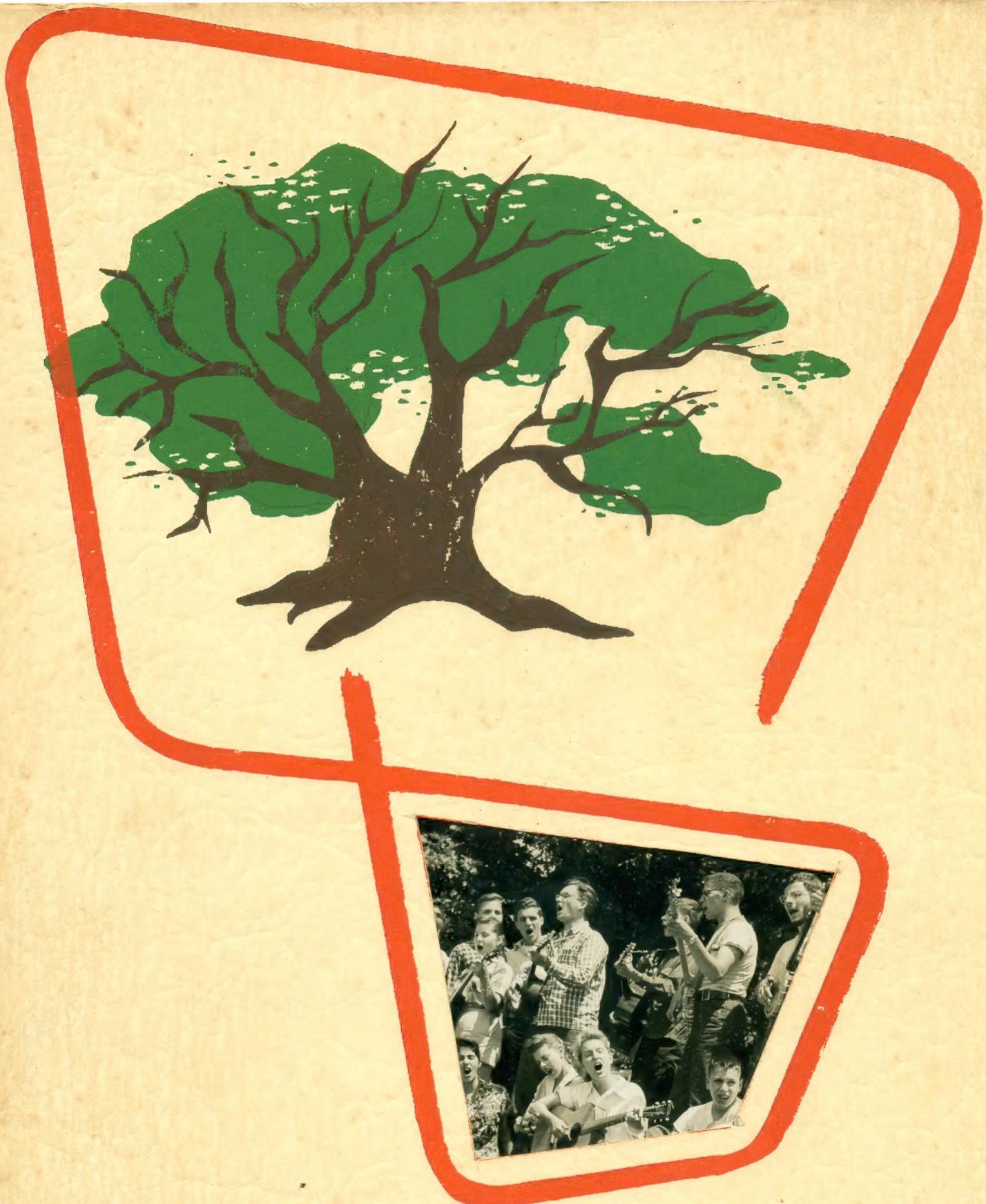




**BUCK'S ROCK YEARBOOK NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY SIX**

*"when the spirit says sing..."*





**BUCK'S ROCK YEARBOOK NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY SIX**



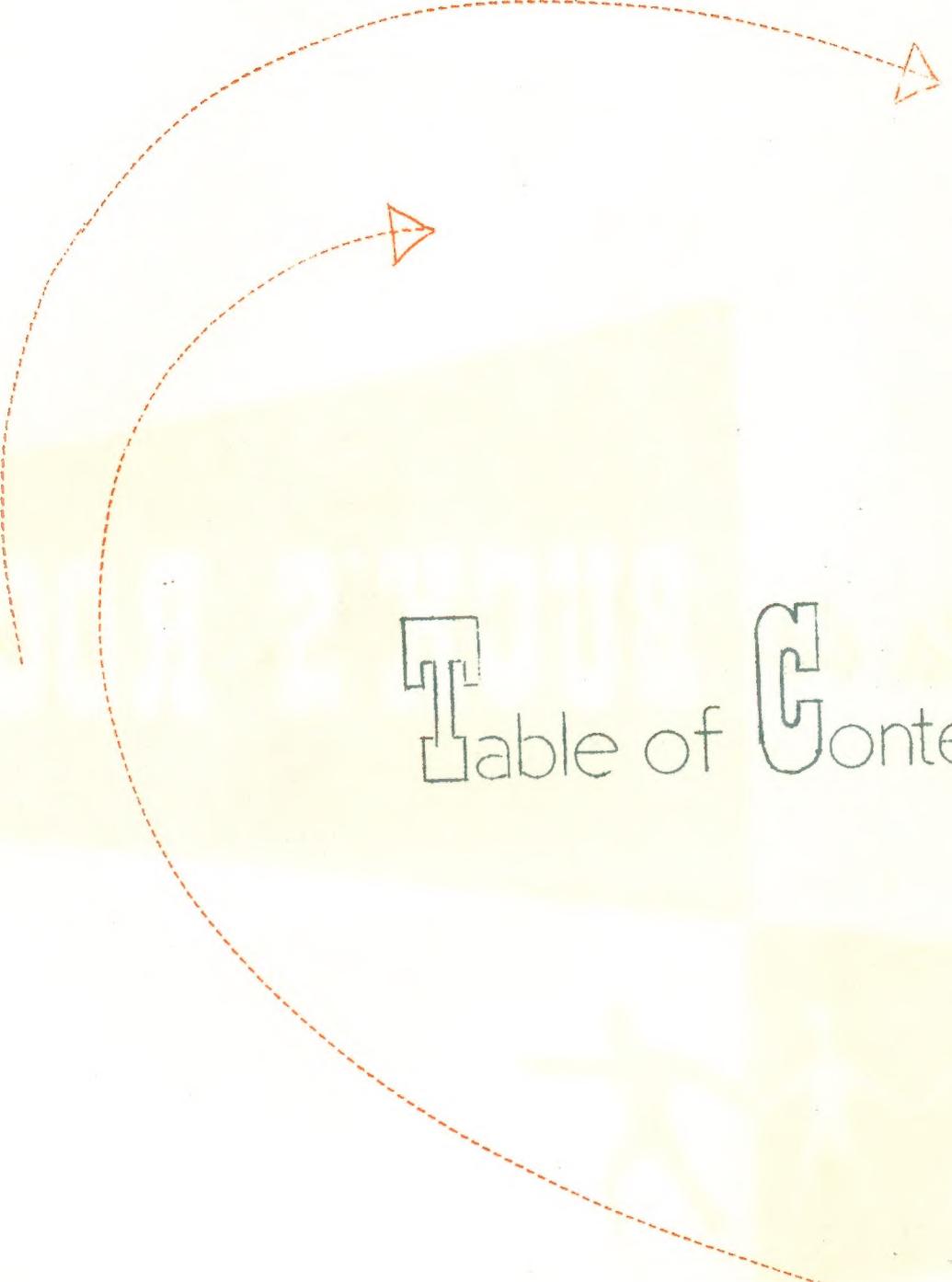
PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE CAMPERS OF BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT

*this is*

*another*

# BUCK'S ROCK





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DANNY WILE  
BARBARA MILLER

to **B** uck's Rock

and its spirit

which have brought us together

we dedicate

our Yearbook.

# a Message from Ernie...



O nce again, we come to the end of another summer. Soon you will be returning to your homes and I am sure that everyone will say, "How you have grown; How well you look; so sun-burnt and healthy," but only you can know how you look and feel from inside and whether you have really grown.

And I feel that you have and that you know yourself a little better; if this is so, then indeed this has been a beneficial summer for you as well as for us.

I think that this summer has given you the incentive to develop new abilities, talents and interests and the knowledge and courage to go about it successfully. At the beginning of the summer, I told you that Buck's Rock was built on the educational principle of "Opportunity" and "Freedom of Choice." You have now lived through the experience of testing your own courage and determination in making free choices and working through them to successful conclusions. As time goes on, you might modify that approach, just as we, the staff of Buck's Rock, keep an eye and mind on the necessity of change whenever we think that it will benefit us. But the basic principles that we have developed here remain the same, just as your basic principles of achieving a happy and purposeful life that you are beginning to form will from now on crystallize into permanent patterns.

The awareness of this will serve you well in the future. Remember that the road to maturity you have now entered upon begins with the resolution that you made so many times this summer: "I will try!" Remember that even though it may become difficult at times, you can overcome that hurdle as you did this summer by saying: "I will try again!" And remember there is courage and strength within you to keep you on that path to maturity. You have shown courage and strength, industriousness and perseverance many times this summer. From now on, if you will only look within you and recall the qualities you have shown at Buck's Rock, and have confidence in yourself and in these qualities within you, you will find the answer to much that you are seeking, since most of the time that answer is within ourselves.

We shall be looking forward to seeing many of you again next summer. And again, we shall keep on striving to develop the best that is within us, for our own sakes, for the sake of our fellow human beings beside us, and for the sake of the world we live in...

We, the staff of Buck's Rock, now say...Good Bye...Have a wonderful year. It was good to have had you here and to know that you have taken an important part of Buck's Rock with you when you say to yourself: "It's up to me!"

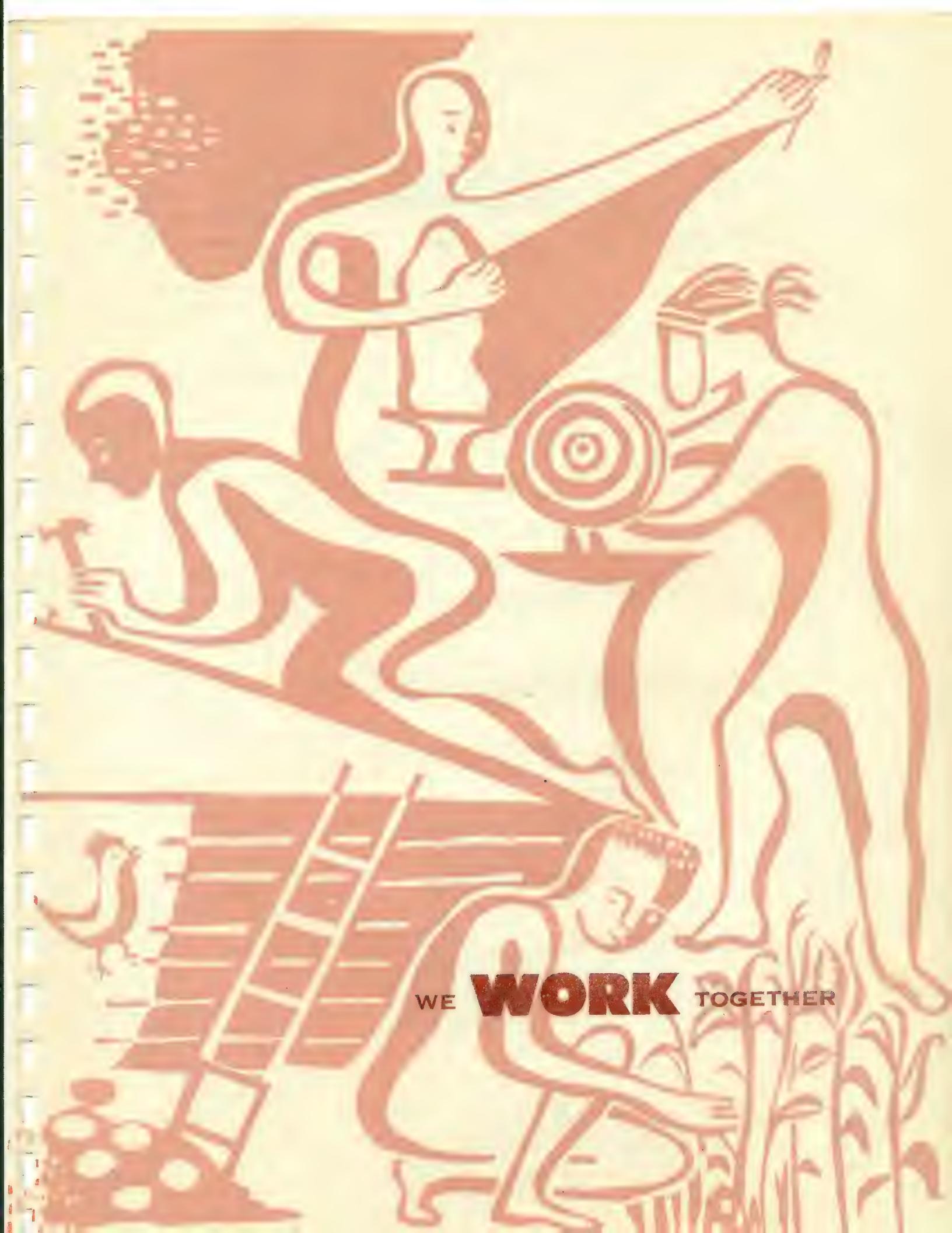
Ernst

# A

t Buck's Rock, a camp of many people, everyone is able to be with friends. We find friends with whom to work, to create, to play, and to live. Out of the sharing of experiences and responsibility, grows the spirit of Buck's Rock. Wherever you look in this Yearbook, we hope you will see that spirit reflected in the stories and pictures of people together. Because, here at Buck's Rock, we are together.

O

ur lives at Buck's Rock are enriched by the opportunities to work with one another. Whether it's working on the farms, husking corn or taking care of the animals, or building something that will long be in existence, such as the Wood Shop or the Print Shop annex, we gain skills and understanding and we have a feeling of cooperation. In the shops, we have a chance to develop our talents and we are free to express ourselves. We work and we create beauty.



WE **WORK** TOGETHER

## CERAMIC

with HARRY ALLAN • ERIC EISENKLAM • JUDY KOSHETZ

"throw it!"

Do you ever get that "oozy" feeling? The Ceramics Shop helps you to release your inner emotions. There you can sculpt, make tiles, use the potter's wheel, sweep floors, dirty clothes, clean-ups and fight Elay fights. If you're not very artistic, but business-minded, you can work on production. Molds are poured, trimmed, and sanded daily (or at least they're supposed to be), to produce the differently shaped vases, the fruit compotes, and the sugar and creamer sets that will be sold. When using the potter's wheel, there are many different methods and techniques you can use. Many campers have been able to master the wheel, but if you find it too confusing to raise a vase or other pottery, you can go quietly into a corner, as many have done, and relieve your frustration by sculpturing a human, an animal, or an imaginary figure.

## PHOTO

with MARTIN WEISS • ARTHUR LAUFER

"I thought it  
was developer!"

The Buck's Rock spirit is in the air in the small but busy Photo Shop. This shop is open twelve hours a day with campers who are enlarging, developing, and printing pictures, and sometimes messing up film. On the three enlargers in the shop's darkroom, photos are turned out by the hundreds for the WEEDEER'S DIGEST, Yearbook, and postcards. Group pictures are taken of all the campers, and photo trips are taken during the season to beautiful places. In the beginning of August, a new fad was started -- photograms. Beautiful astronomical scenes were reproduced with a handful of sand. The finest of these and of photos taken during the summer are exhibited at Festival.

## LEATHER

with SARA ALLAN

It all takes place under the striped awning, leather craft, a new addition to the Buck's Rock curriculum. Beginners and experienced workers enjoy the thrill of making an originally designed product.

"Today is pony-  
tail day!"

When morning arrives, campers flock to the shop to make belts, guitar strings, pony tail barrettes, wallets, key and eyeglass cases, pocketbooks, and other practical leather products. The material used in the production is leather, of good quality, mostly soft or hard cowhide. The colors vary from black to lovely pastels.

Leathercraft has proved a popular and successful activity.

## ELECTRONICS

with AL WEISSMAN

"QST... QST...  
QST..."

Entering the Boys House lounge, one hears a weird combination of "CQ HELLO CQ CQ" and Beethoven's Fifth. The CQ's are from the "ham" or Radio Amateur shack, with one of five licensed amateurs operating, onlookers watching, and someone playing the piano in the background. Though hampered by low power, we occasionally manage to contact New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. It is when we really do speak to someone that the excitement begins. After managing to fight the interference, we pull through his name and perhaps his locality. If the shop is quiet enough, we then try to make ourselves heard. We also have classes in Morse Code and radio theory.

Though the shop is new, the fun of working in electronics and the interest it has aroused indicate that it may well become permanent here.

## WOOD

with DAVID ANTON . ALAN BLANK

"Is everybody miserable?"

Some of us come to the Wood Shop to find out what Dave means when his melodious voice booms these words out above the racket. We stay, and amidst the sawdust, noise, and machinery, we begin to work on a bowl. Then we come again to make for ourselves such articles as book-shelves, trays, chairs, boards for games, and frames for mosaics. Sometimes we join the production group which is turning out bowls, cheese - cutting boards, or cigarette boxes for sale. Not only do we make these things, but we learn about wood, wood-finishing, and the use of hand and power tools. All of us, those who have never worked with wood before, and those who are somewhat experienced, find it instructive, interesting, and creative.

## ART METAL

with ALVIN PINE

"Put it on paper!"

The most important part of the work in the Art Metal Shop is design. When you first bring your design to Al, he says, "No!" Next it's "mmmnhh" and after a while, "Maybe..." When the design has been improved enough to be acceptable, you begin work on a ring, a belt buckle, a pair of candlesticks, or a mobile. If you don't want to work out your own design, you can help make cuff-links, pendants, and keychains for production. You work, in this shop, with sterling silver and also aluminum, copper and pewter. The Art Metal Shop, in spite of being the smallest shop in size, draws a large group of campers, and the people in it hope that it will be able to move to much larger quarters when the Wood Shop moves to its new home.

## PRINT

with ADELE WEISS and JULIA WINSTON

and RICHARD LEVY and HANK BERG

The Print Shop, the recent recipient of a much appreciated annex, is a very popular shop at Buck's Rock. The original building is filled with campers working the printing presses, and cranking, feeding and slipsheeting the mimeograph machines. Despite torn stencils, inked rollers (a process requiring much ingenuity and skill on the part of the feeder), clogged mats, and the interfering counselors, the shop manages to mimeograph all the articles of the WEEDER'S DIGEST and the Yearbook, and to print individual and camp stationery, and some special pages for the publications. In the annex, the art and literary division, our scribes are busy writing articles and typing and drawing on stencils. There are many other jobs done in both parts of the shop on stencils, such as correcting, ripping, patching, tearing, and glueing.

"what shall  
we sing?"

Upholding the motto, "Love thy Print Shop worker as thyself" through discussions, disagreements, and disputes, we manage to complete our work with a minimum of injuries, have a lot of fun, and learn the art of mimeographing, printing, and journalism at the same time.

"may ART  
squeeee?"

with PHOEBE AND JACK SONNENBERG • SUSI WILLNER

While some people are busy with their own individual art projects, others are turning out silk-screened covers and pages for the WEEDER'S DIGEST and the Yearbook. As Festival draws near, people in the Art Shop are producing the pages of a beautiful calendar. The pictures are made from silkscreens, woodcuts, and etchings. Each picture represents a scene suitable for the particular month.

Shops reported by Joan Schloessinger, Jonathan Marks, Lydia Orens, Diane Stoller, Richard Daynard, Lucy Gilbert, Steven Kagle, and Joel Pensky.



of the art work being done by Buck's Rockers.

I join a busy, chattering group around the clay-spattered creator of a sensitive sculpture of a mother and child. On shelves there are other figures, reclining, sitting, upright, some detailed and realistic, some abstract. They are symbols of love and tenderness, sadness and loneliness. A very tall, delicate vase stands on a shelf with bowls of different shapes, animal figures, ash trays, and other vases. Some of them are brightly glazed, and some are as yet unfinished, but every piece is distinctive, either for its form, color, or design. Besides the many types of pottery, I see a half-completed, and very elaborate ceramic chess board, and some tiles that are being designed for a table top.

Opening a door into a startling mass of sawdust and noise, I am in the Wood Shop. When I have become accustomed to the sting in my eyes, the steady hum of four lathes, the irritated scratching of sandpaper, the sharp screeching of a hand saw, and the warning rumble of the sharp electric saw, I can see some sawdust-discolored laborers working on smooth, shining bowls and platters. There is a delicate, modern chair designed for a baby. How functional, and how beautiful it is! Sneezing out the sawdust from my nose, as I leave, I am suddenly confronted with a group of the largest number of people in the smallest possible place. Between fingers, I can glimpse an intricately fashioned pendant of silver and silver wire. Everything here is original.

I leave the shop building extremely impressed and overwhelmed by the beautiful work that I have seen.

A

s I walk through  
some of the shops, I am amazed by the quality, the variety, and the originality

ELLY WILE



ALTHOUGH MOST OF THE CAMP WORKS FROM 9 A.M. TO 6 P.M., THE WORK ON THE ANIMAL FARM GOES ON CONTINUALLY.

EACH MORNING WE DO OUR DAILY CHORES, WHICH CONSIST OF FEEDING THE PIG, COW, SHEEP, GOATS, RABBITS, CHICKS, HENS, CALVES, AND CLEANING OUT THE VARIOUS PENS.

WOE UNTO HIM WHO IS THE FIRST INTO THE CALF PASTURE IN THE MORNING, BECAUSE OUR UNKNOWING CALVES HAVE FOUND OUR LEGS Equally Tasty AS THEIR "PURINA." ONLY A MIRACLE (THE FACT THAT CALVES HAVE ONLY A LOWER SET OF TEETH) HAS KEPT US WALKING.

AMONG OTHER THINGS, WE HAVE DUG TWO GARBAGE PITS AND TWO MANURE PITS. AT THE DEDICATION OF THE LATTER, OUR CURIOUS COW, "Roaming Rhonda," CAME WALKING OUT OF HER PASTURE TO JOIN IN THE CEREMONY. THIS SOLEMN OCCASION ENDED WITH A PITCH FORK OF COW FLOP, INTENDED TO BE THROWN INTO THE PIT, BEING ACCIDENTALLY DEPOSITED INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.

THE MALADIES ON THE FARM HAVE BEEN FEW. HOWEVER, SOME THINGS WE HAVE CONTRACTED ARE: POISON IVY, STINGS, HIVES, CREOSOTE BURNS, AND PITCH FORKED FEET, FROM CUTTING DOWN MIGHTY OAK TREES, DISLODGING BEES' NESTS, AND PITCHING HAY INTO THE BARN OR OCCASIONALLY A FELLOW WORKER.

THIS HAS BEEN A YEAR OF MANY FIRSTS FOR THE ANIMAL FARM. IT IS THE FIRST TIME THAT:

A HEN DIED FROM LAYING AN EGG (WITH A DIAMETER OF THREE INCHES)

THE COW GOT PTOMAINE POISONING (FROM EATING LUCIFER X. CABBAGE)

THE ANIMAL FARM HAS HAD A MASCOT (DUFF, THE DOG), AN INSIGNIA, AND AN ORGANIZATION, AFTO (ANIMAL FARM TREATY ORGANIZATION), AND A HALF-SHORN SHEEP

THE FARM HAS NOT "REQUISITIONED"

THERE HAS BEEN A WRITTEN GUARANTEE OF QUALITY ENCLOSED IN EACH BOX OF EGGS TO BE SOLD

THE ANIMAL FARM HAS SURPASSED THE VEGETABLE FARM IN HOURS

OUR GOAT WAS FORCED TO EAT THE WEEDEER'S DIGEST WHILE POSING FOR A PICTURE.

IT WAS NOT THE FIRST TIME THAT THE COW WANDERED OFF BUT IT WAS THE FIRST TIME SHE WANDERED BACK AGAIN.

IT HAS BEEN THE FIRST TIME, BUT, WE HOPE, CERTAINLY NOT THE LAST, THAT THE ANIMAL FARM HAS HAD THE HELP AND GUIDANCE OF COUNSELORS MIMI PRICE AND PAT TRISCHMAN.

GAIL ANGRIST

YEARBOOK DEADLINE TIME  
MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 1956

"We don't know when the calf will be born. Ask the cow."

For days this has been repeated time and time again by Animal Farmers. In order to be prepared for the momentous event at all times, the Animal Farmers have kept a day and night vigil on "Roaming Rhonda." Several nights during the past week Animal Farmers have taken turns sleeping in the barn and checking on the cow at hour intervals. That was lots of fun, especially for those lucky people with the 2 and 3 A.M. shifts. But we were, and unfortunately still are, just as desirous to find out the answer as everyone else. Since, however, at this time, Gedunks still isn't born, all that can be said is, "We don't know when the calf will be born. Ask the cow!"

GAIL ANGRIST

"is she OVERDUE?"

I was working at the farm. A call came in at 11:20. Sarah was in need of help. I rushed to the pig pen to see what was happening. She was having her babies. At one in the afternoon it was all over. There were eight little piglets, four males and four females, four all white, and four black and white.

Two days later an accident happened. I rushed down to see what it was. The mother pig, by mistake had sat on one of her babies and hurt its leg. That night they took the baby out for Dan to fix. When they put it back in the pen, the mother pig, Sarah, was so mad that she ate all of the medicine that was on the baby pig's leg.

CAROL KAUFMAN



"LETS HAVE A WATER BREAK!" THIS IS A TYPICAL CRY OF THE TIRED LABORER ON THE VEGETABLE FARM. THIS EXCLAMATION USUALLY COMES AFTER HE HAS FINISHED ONE OF THE MANY VARIED (AND HARD!) JOBS WHICH INCLUDE WEEDING (THE REMOVAL OF OUR LARGEST CROP), HOEING, SPRAYING OF POISON TO KILL UNWANTED INSECTS, PLANTING OF OUR FUTURE HEADACHES, AND HARVESTING OF OUR PRESENT HEADACHES. AMONG OUR VEGETABLES ARE CORN, POTATOES, LETTUCE, CABBAGE, CUCUMBERS, SQUASH, BEETS, CARROTS, ONIONS, TOMATOES, BEANS, RADISHES, CAULIFLOWER, BROCCOLI, SCALLIONS, PARSLEY, AND PEPPERS.

THE FRESHLY PICKED VEGETABLES ARE SOLD BY THE FARM SELLING COMMITTEE TO THE KITCHEN, STORES IN TOWN AND OUR MANY VISITORS AND CAMPERS. AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS SEASON THE SELLING WAS DONE ON THE SOCIAL HALL PORCH, BUT THANKS TO THE EFFORTS OF THE CIO, ALL SALES ARE NOW MADE AT THE NEWLY CONSTRUCTED "CARVEL" STAND. THE SELLING PROGRAM THIS YEAR WAS VERY SUCCESSFUL AND THE MONEY MADE WAS MORE THAN EVER BEFORE.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT SERVICE OF THE FARM COMMITTEE IS THE PREPARATION AND SALE OF DELICIOUS HOT BUTTERED CORN AND FRENCH FRIED POTATOES. THE POTATOES ARE COOKED IN THE KITCHEN AND CORN AT THE CAMPFIRE SITE. THE FINISHED PRODUCTS ARE SOLD THROUGHOUT THE CAMP.

A HUGE PART OF THE CAMP BECAME MEMBERS OF WOW (WEEDERS OF THE WORLD) WHICH IS A CLIQUE OF PEOPLE WHO WORKED TEN OR MORE HOURS. THE ENTHUSIASM AND SPARK OF THE CAMPERS, ALONG WITH THEIR WILLINGNESS TO WORK, FAR SURPASSED THAT OF ANY OTHER YEAR. AT THE END OF THE YEAR A CORN ROAST WAS HELD FOR ALL MEMBERS OF WOW.

OUR FESTIVAL WAS A BIG SUCCESS WHERE OUR FULL LINE OF VEGETABLES WERE SOLD IN ADDITION TO HOT BUTTERED CORN, ICED CUCUMBERS, TOMATOES, ICE CREAM AND SODA.

AND SO AS WE LOOK BACK UPON THE 1956 SEASON WE WILL REMEMBER THOSE HAPPY HOURS WE SPENT SLAVING ON THE VEGETABLE FARM UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF LLOYD (BERGIE) BERGEN, PETE EUBEN, BERNIE LIEF, AND DANNY WILE.

BOB FÄBER AND PETE NOSSAL

# "SILENCE" genius at work....



SKETCHED AT THE LAB BY DOBBIE ROSS

Our genius guinea pig has earned this sign by running the new enlarged maze in less than a minute. This maze has stumped many a bewildered camper who believed human beings are the smartest animals.

Two cages away is momma opossum, who was caught in a trap. With her when she was captured were five babies.

Directly opposite our genius is a row of cages consisting of four rats who have not been able to tie the guinea pig's record in time by going through the maze. A male and female hamster with their babies, a hamster that runs the ten minute mile in our exerciser, and three white mice complete our animal section in the Bio Lab annex.

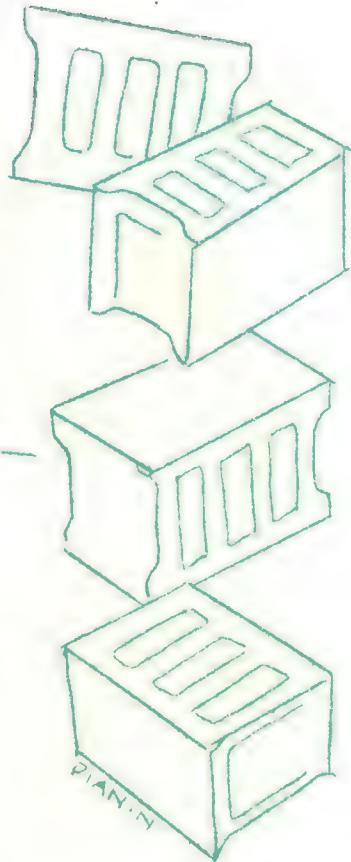
On the other side of the door from the guinea pig's animal dominion, there is the lab table. Here we open and put windows in chick eggs in order to watch their development from embryo to chick.

Dan Urtnowski, the lab counselor, teaches about what animals' insides look like and how they work, through dissections. He also tests people to find out what their blood type is.

In the Farm Lab we find one form of the Buck's Rock spirit - curiosity, and through experiments, we discover the answers to some of our scientific questions.

PETER WARSHALL

# "will it be finished this year?



"Come work on construction," Ernie would announce many a time this past summer. And at the work gong a number of eager, industrious Buck's Rockers would appear to do their share towards completing the biggest goal set this year - the new woodshop.

When camp opened, tall weeds and uncut grass were all that was visible to the eye as it scanned the site which now boasts a floor with surrounding walls. Before the season was a few days old, the job of ridding the ground of the various debris had been excuted efficiently.

Then began the painstaking job of building walls for the basement of the woodshop which is to be used as a supply room for the Construction Crew. The work demanded a lot of time but was finished in about three weeks and done very competently.

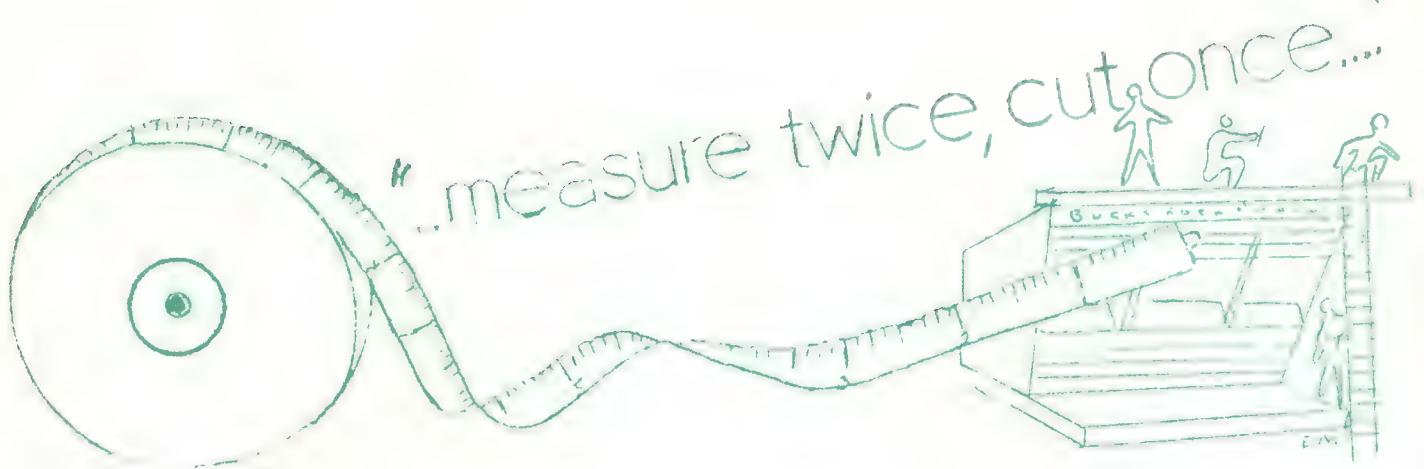
With the basement done, the next step was to start work on the main portion of the woodshop. And from eleven to twelve in the morning and two to five in the afternoon many workers and camera-bugs alike would watch with amazed interest the pouring of the floor. As most of the work thus far was done in the back of the building, a passer-by would not see many signs of progress, but with the building of walls on the main site it was clearly evident that much had been accomplished during the past summer.

The building when completed will stand 60 by 30 ft. and will have required 350 eight inch blocks, 663 twelve inch blocks, 5,589 bricks plus 63 cubic yards of cement. The finished building will surely prove that Buck's Rock biggest project was an overwhelming success.

with

BOB BENSON  
PETE COHEN  
DAVE DOBKIN  
STAN GOTTLIEB  
STEVE GOLDSTEIN  
JERRY STOLLER  
JONATHAN WALLACH  
JOHN GEIST

JERRY RINDLER



Buck's Rock has seen several impressive improvements and additions this year through the work of the CIO (Camp Improvement Organization). This small but very active crew has, in one short summer, performed the following major tasks: a complete renovation, with the help of the swimming staff, Construction Crew members, and other lusty pre-season workers, of the swimming area, which was damaged in last year's flood; the enlargement of the stage; and the construction of the Print Shop annex and of the attractive, permanent selling stand. In addition, they built the new Adirondack chairs which now grace the campus.

Previously a maintenance crew, the CIO has turned to construction work while the construction crew was busy on their huge job. The CIO made such quick work of their construction projects ("a whole Print Shop annex in eleven days!") that few outside the crew realize how much work has gone into them. It is still more amazing that all this was done by a comparatively small group. The unique quality of the CIO is the closeness of the group, which works together from project to project and gives the major part of its time to the hard work. This is true of the CIT and the camper members of the crew alike. The "regulars" on the crew say that the friendliness and spirit of the group, led by Jess Adler and Andy Alpern, is the main reason they enjoy working on it.

The crew has to face many hazards. After the fights on the order of the projects, and the bloody battles on such subjects as the best location for the Print Shop annex door and the number and placement of its shelves, they must face the worst menace of all - the kibitzer. To do a construction job surrounded by numerous enthusiastic sidewalk superintendents who are more generous with advice than help, is certainly a difficult task.

The CIO has done a magnificent job for Buck's Rock this year.

JOHN HACK



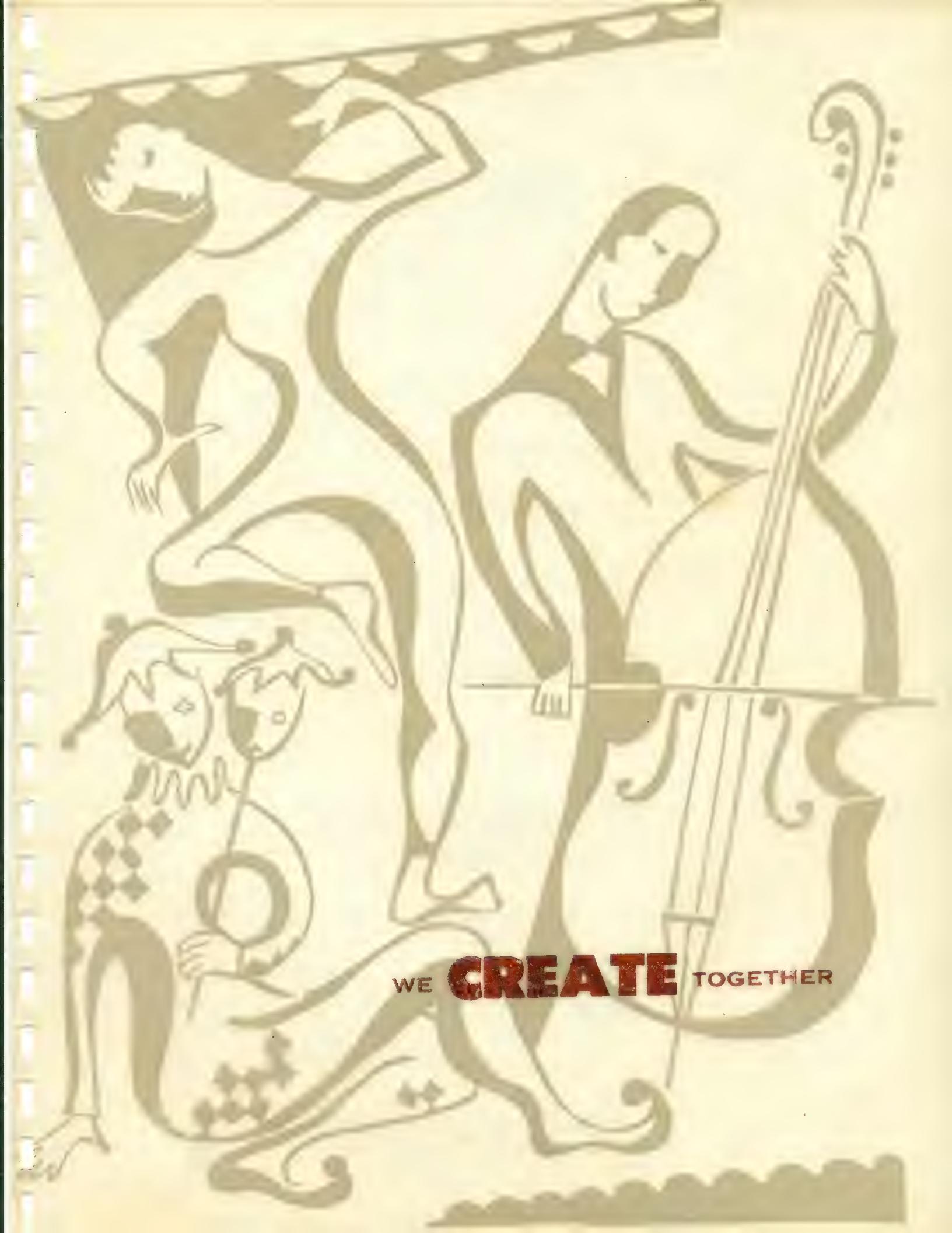
ILLUSTRATED BY JUDY LOBER



Everyone at Buck's Rock has had the opportunity to create. From drama, dance, chorus, and orchestra, and from doing artistic work in the shops, comes the wonderful feeling of creation, both individual and with others.

Maybe your first experience with the creative arts was at the dramatic tryouts. Your first reading was probably a little shaky, but soon you gained control and put yourself into the part you were reading. If you joined chorus or orchestra, another different type of creative art, you know the wonderful feeling of creating in a group. Perhaps you spent hours in the shops, expressing yourself through a graceful ceramic sculpture, an originally shaped pendant, or a brightly colored mosaic. Or maybe you joined a dance group. You were able to use your imagination to its fullest, using your whole body to express yourself.

Some of the creative work you have done, you can take home to show your parents. Some you can't. But the experience of creating is something you will remember, and keep inside of you always.



WE **CREATE** TOGETHER

chamber music concert  
on the social hall porch

SUNDAY·AUGUST 12, 1956·AT 7:30 P.M.

1. Haydn - Allegro movement of 9th Symphony  
Piano- 4 hands

SUSAN BERMAN  
and RUTH GROSSMAN

2. Pleyel - Duet No, 3 for 2 violins

BARBARA BULOVA  
and LIESEL PANTKE

3. Beethoven - Presto agitato movement of  
"Moonlight Sonata"

JERRY POLLEN

4. Beethoven - "Archduke" Trio  
with gratitude to John Geist who  
purchased the music

Allegro moderato  
Scherzo  
Andante cantabile  
Allegro moderato

LIESEL PANTKE  
DAVID and ANNA ANTON

Often during the summer, the after-dinner hour has been filled with the melodious sounds emanating from a performance of the Chamber Music Group. In the evening stillness, we listen to the result of the hours of practice put in by Anna, Dave, and Liesel. Sometimes Harry Allan and Jerry Pollen join the performers. Anna's piano sight-reading classes and Dave's string lessons have been an outgrowth of the interest shown this summer in chamber music, and have produced several capable performers who have joined the group.



# "What key are we in....?"

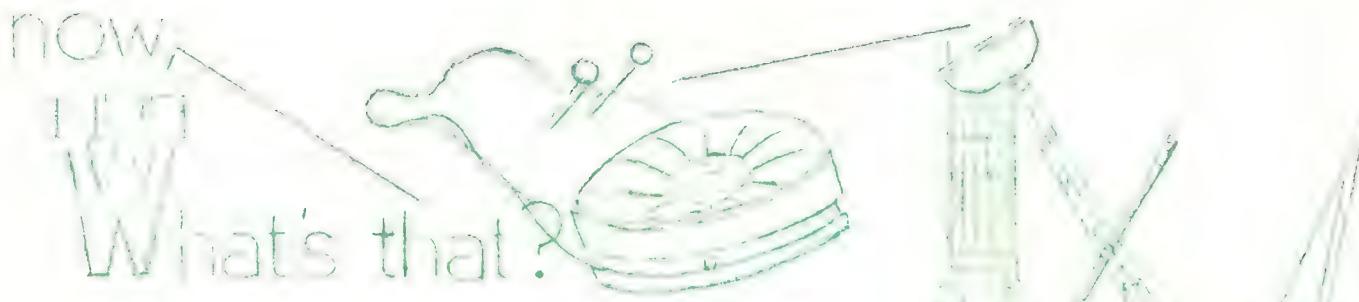
A group of singers gathers on the porch of the Social Hall, or under the oak tree, or around the campfire. There I am, right in the middle, guitar in hand, voice in tune.

Business-like we check E-strings and tune up to each other. Someone in the back suggests that we sing "Kumbayah." Barry tunes his banjo to play in D and suddenly, out of a chattering noisy group comes music. And there I am in the middle, strumming away on the guitar, singing melody and harmony at the same time.

As we go from song to song, the voices grow stronger as more people join. The singers' moods change with each melody, from a sad and beautiful spiritual or a soft ballad, to a rousing work song or an energetic Bantu harmonization. There, in the middle, walled in by singers, I sit, concentrating on newly learned techniques, but never forgetting to sing.

Some people are industriously singing, some just as industriously playing accompaniment. Some are carefully listening, trying to learn the words and remember clever lyrics. Often Tony and Barry sing new songs for us to learn or just to hear. And there I am, in the middle of all the excitement, playing and singing, strongly feeling the intimacy of the group as singing together brings friends together.

ELLY WILE



If it's unusual, it's to be found at Buck's Rock. Even in the field of musical instruments, Buck's Rock has seen a strange variety this year.

For example, Tony Saletan's steel drum is an instrument from Trinidad. It is made from an old oil drum which was hammered out into certain shapes to produce varied tones. By the time Tony left Buck's Rock, he had a range of five notes out of the thirteen he eventually hopes to have, and he could play such tunes as "Pretoria," "Skip to My Lou," and "Frere Jacques."

One Saturday during picnic supper, Judy Krasnow gave us a preview of her Pogo Cello. This odd instrument is built from a pogo stick, a round cookie tin, wire, and some small cymbals. Played properly, it provides a constant drone and beat that forces its way through all the other instruments. Another homemade instrument is Barry's washtub bass, made out of a washtub, string, and a broom handle.

Among the string instruments related to the banjo, mandolin, and guitar families are three oddities. Judy Krasnow's cittern, commonly known as a mandolin-banjo, is inlaid with mother of pearl, and has a clear, soft, tone. Rebecca Manoli's banjo-mandolin has a well made banjo head and rim combined with a standard mandolin neck and eight strings. My own twelve-string guitar, originating in France or Germany, is today used in Mexico and was made famous by Huddie Leadbetter (Leadbelly), the "king" of the twelve string guitar.

We should not forget Barry's long necked banjo which enables the player to play in certain keys not achieved on the regular banjo, or the square dance fiddle played by many of the folksy set "low on the arm" unlike "long hair" violinists.

WINNIE WINSTON

"mem-mene-mem-mem-ma"



Warm-ups are heard from the Social Hall porch and everyone knows that the chorus has started rehearsing.

Sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses, with a minimum of speed, and a maximum of confusion, find music, seats, and friends, and when warm ups are over, everyone is ready.

Dave announces a piece, comments are heard, and then silence as Dave signals the dramatic pause before the first chord. Jerry Pollen plays a magnificent introduction. The chorus entrance approaches. The voices join the piano and the result is beautiful--no, Dave says it couldn't be worse. It usually takes four or five starts until it is satisfactory, but a mistake in the middle or at the end gives us another chance to "take" it from the top."

This is the way we rehearse a piece; sometimes together, often by sections, and occasionally someone is asked to sing a solo. Suddenly a concert springs up. Three rehearsals left, two rehearsals, one. Then, white blouses, a truck ride with no singing, and stone steps or a shaky platform. Now Dave asks us to sing and we give him everything we have. Unbelievably we remember the crescendos, the sustained notes, and the importance of watching Dave. Every singer is proud of the music that we make and is glad to be part of it. We feel like professionals.

Then a noisy ride back to camp and back to rehearsals. I can hear them now. "Mem-mene-mem-mem-ma."

ELLY WILE

1. Psalm 20, The Lord Shall Hear Thee in Distress (Protestant)---Shutz  
Psalm 121, I lift Mine Eyes (Protestant)-----Shutz
2. Tantum Ergo (Catholic)-----Da Victoria
3. Sochrenu (Hebrew)-----Helfman
4. We Never Will Bow Down (from JUDAS MACCABEUS)-----Handel
5. Younger Generation-----Copland
6. Soon Ah Will Be Done-----Dawson
7. Hey Motsuala-----So. African Folk Song
8. Johnny Comes Marching Home-----arr. by Wilhousky

# CHORUS

## SOPRANOS

Rima Berg	Karen Kissen
Deena Berliant	Janet Konig
Evelyn Berman	Judy Koshetz
Barbara Bulova	Ellen Larsen
Laurie Cohen (f)	Julie Levin
Ella Dobkin	Carole Lewis
Roberta Elias	Judy Lober
Lois Engleson	Rebecca Manoff
Julie Euben	Marion Perkis
Carol Fuchs	Barbara Pine
Lucy Gilbert	Susan Pines
Belinda Gold	Bobbie Ross
Ellen Gold	Allene Rubin
Barbara Goldstein	Sue Seldeman
Maida Gordon	Marilyn Seftman
Martha Greenbaum	Natalie Siegel
Ruth Grossman	Rosalie Siegel
Linda Herzenberg	Jane Victor
Jane Himber	Susan Warshall
Barbara Kinsler	Sheila White

## TENORS

Gail Angrist	Bert Kleinman
Ben Apfelbaum	Judy Krasnow
Elva Chernow	Arthur Levi
Roy Duboff	Stan Levine
Hedy Harris	Danny Perl
Joan Schloessinger	

## BASSES

Andy Alland
Arthur Blawitz
Bobby Blank
Mike Chernuchin
Selwyn Cohen
Billy Einhorn
Al Epstein
Paul Frank
Steve Goldmark
Henry Goldstein
Brook Hart
Jon Konheim
Barry Kornfeld
Stan Leibowitz
Elliot Lerman
Steve Lippman
Robert Martin
Robert Sacks
Dick Sussman
Dick Traum
Richard Wiener

## ALTOS

Marjorie Baer
Debbie Bersin
Ava Bry
Eleanor Chambers
Barbara Davidson
Ellen Eisenberg
Karen Eisenberg
Ellen Goldfield
Elan Golomb
Carol Hoffman
Carol Hoppenfeld
Paula Katz
Rene La Farge
Barbara Miller
Judy Minoff
Ann Morrison
Sue Panken
Joni Rindler
Claudia Rosenberg
Gail Schiffer
Alice Schweig
Cynthia Silver
Diane Stoller
Sue Swick
Edith Webster
Ollie Weil
Judy Weiss
Elly Wile

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF DAVID KATZ

1. PRETORIA
2. OVERTURE TO BALLET DON JUAN
3. HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING  
FROM "PEER GYNT" SUITE
4. LARGO
5. HUNGARIAN DANCE NO. 5
6. **FOLKSINGERS.**

BARRY KORNFELD  
 JUDY KRASNOW  
 KAREN EISENBERG  
 WINNIE WINSTON

7. GERMAN DANCE
8. PIZZICATA POLKA
9. IF I LOVED YOU, SURREY WITH THE  
FRINGE ON TOP, YOU'LL NEVER  
WALK ALONE

JEANNE DALE, SOPRANO

10. RUSSIAN SAILOR'S DANCE

SOUTH AFRICAN  
 GLUCK  
  
 GRIEG  
 DVORAK  
 BRAHMS

#### VIOLINS

STANLEY LIEDOWITZ, CONCERTMASTER  
 BARBARA BULOVIA  
 JON KONHEIM  
 LIESEL PANTKE  
 SUE SEIDEMAN  
 RICHARD WIENER

#### VIOLA

JON KONHEIM

#### CELLO

DAVID ANTON  
 AVA BRY  
 ARTHUR LAUFER

#### ACCORDIAN

BARBARA GOLDSTEIN  
 HEDY HARRIS

#### FLUTE

LOIS ENGELSON  
 ROBERT SACKS

#### RECORDER

SUE BERMAN  
 BARBARA MILLMAN

#### OBOE

JESS WEINGER

#### CLARINETS

MARK ANTON  
 EVELYN BERMAN  
 SELWYN COHEN  
 JOHN HACK  
 CAROL LEWIS  
 DANNY PERL  
 TOBY RODISON  
 BARBARA ROSS  
 PETER MARSHALL  
 LEWIS WOLFENSON

#### TRUMPETS

ALAN CHARTOK  
 ELEANOR MAYER  
 RICHARD SUSSMAN  
 PETER YAMIN

#### ALTO SAXAPHONE

BERT KLEINMAN

## ORCHESTRA

#### TROMBONE

PETER NOSSAL

#### SOUSAPHONE

ROBERT FABER

#### SNARE DRUM

JEFF MANN

#### BASS DRUM

STANLEY LEVINE

#### CYMBALS

STANLEY SIEGAL

#### ELECTRIC GUITAR

BOBBY BLANK

DIRECTED BY DAVID KATZ



ORCHESTRA:

Star Spangled Banner

Pretoria

Overture to Don Juan.....Gluck

Hungarian Dance No. 5.....Brahms

FOLKSINGERS:

Shady Grove.....	Southern Mountain Folk Song
Suliram.....	Indonesian Lullaby
Kisses Sweeter Than Wine.....	American Ballad
Church You're Gonna Miss Me.....	Negro Spiritual
Babevuya.....	South African
Kukuriku.....	Hebrew

ORCHESTRA:

Largo (Going Home).....Dvorak

Viennese Dance.....Beethoven

CHORUS:

Two Psalms.....Schutz

We Never Will Bow Down.....Handel  
From Judas Maccabeus

Younger Generation.....Copland

Soon Ah Will Be Done.....Negro Spiritual

Hey, Motsuala.....South African Folk Song

Johnny Comes Marching Home.....Arr. P.J. Wilhousky

ORCHESTRA:

If I Loved You, Surrey With the Fringe on Top,  
and You'll Never Walk Alone.....Rogers and Hammerstein

Russian Sailors Dance.....Gliere

Pretoria



# "my tempo,/. my tempo!"

The Buck's Rock Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of the great David (Toscanini) Katz, has made a tremendous showing this year. We, the two authors, are members of this talented group.

"Oom-pah, oom-pah" and "plonk-plonk" are two new sounds that float through the air this summer. They come from a sousaphone and an electric guitar. We also have our old standbys back: clarinets, saxophones, violins, cellos, trumpets, among others.

During the summer we go with the orchestra to several concerts. Our preparation for these performances is quite extensive. Three afternoons during the week right after snack we are called to rehearsals. We practice vigorously but to no avail, for we can never keep Dave's tempo. For some unknown reason some part of the orchestra is always missing. This doesn't help Dave's headaches at all. Tuning up in our orchestra normally takes about a half-hour. When the havoc of getting ready is completed, we set upon rehearsing, which usually lasts about forty-five minutes.

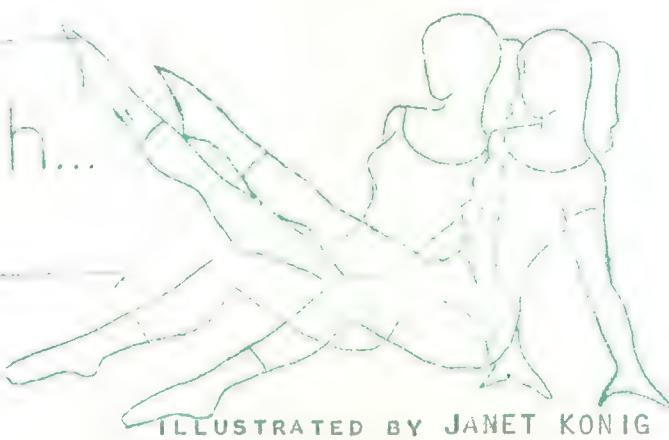
After five weeks of hard work, preparing such works as "Russian Sailors Dance," "Hungarian Dance Number 5," selections from Rodgers and Hammerstein, "Largo," from the "New World Symphony," and "Pretoria," our camp theme song, we are ready for our concert. This is on the Green in New Milford on the evening of Friday, August 10. The next afternoon we stagger into station WLCR in Torrington and give a fantastically wonderful concert. One week later we pile into the trucks again and head for Ridge-water fair to give a high caliber performance. Festival, our last concert of the season, gives promise of being a great success and a fitting musical climax to our summer of fun and work.

PETER NOSSAL and BOB FABER

At mid-season, dance was described as "expressing your inner-most feelings and emotions without words."

It can be noted that in discussions of psychosis and neurosis which are sometimes heard around Buck's Rock, the dancers are upheld as shining examples of mental balance. In a more serious vein, much enjoyment can be derived from attaining technical perfection or merely attempting self-expression. Working on technique helps to improve the dancers' co-ordination and to give them

"stretch,pull,stretch..."



ILLUSTRATED BY JANET KONIG

the basic knowledge of the dance. In creative work the dancers express themselves using movements acquired in these technique classes.

All of these elements together result in the programs of Dance Night and Festival. Choreography for these programs is done by Debbie Sacks in the Repertory Group or by the dancers themselves. This year we have strived to make our presentations come as close to professional recitals as possible.

This new approach has made us aware that dancers are individuals but when necessary they must sacrifice individuality to bring about unity in a group. JANE HIMBER, CAROL HOFFMAN & LIZ LAUTER

# DANCE NIGHT

WEDNESDAY EVENING . AUGUST 1, 1956 . AT THE STAGE

1

MODERN DANCE AT WORK performed by JANE BERLIANT, SUE BERMAN, KAREN EISENBERG, JANET GORDSTEIN, CAROL HIRZENBERG, JUDY KRASNOW, AND BARBARA MILMAN, SUSAN MARSHALL.

THE IMPROVISATION CLASS PRESENTS A PERFORMANCE IN THE USE OF A CHAIR IN THE DANCE AND THE USE OF THE BODY AS A MEANS OF CONVERSATION AND COMMUNICATION.

2

SUITE..SCARLATTI

- A \* GREETINGS ..... RIMA BERG
- B \* HOW DO YOU..... RIMA BERG, JANE HIMBER, CAROL HOFFMAN, KAREN KISSIM, AND NATALIE SIEGEL
- C \* HE SAID AND SHE SAID... RIMA BERG, KAREN KISSIM
- D \* I DON'T CARE..... LIZ LAUTER, WITH RUTH GROSSMAN, NATALIE SIEGEL AND ROSALIE SIEGEL
- E \* REMEMBRANCE..... JANE HIMBER
- F \* I'M GONNA PLAY TOO..... GROUP

GROUP INCLUDES RIMA BERG, RUTH GROSSMAN, JANE HIMBER, CAROL HOFFMAN, KAREN KISSIM, LIZ LAUTER, NATALIE SIEGEL, ROSALIE SIEGEL.

CHOREOGRAPHY BY DEBBIE ZALL SACKS

COSTUMES BY SARA ALLAN

LIGHTING BY DEBBIE BERSIN, JON KONHEIM, STU WURTZEL

SOUND BY PETER YAMIN

THESE DANCES ARE BEING IMPROVISED DURING THE PERFORMANCES; HOWEVER THE IDEA FOR THE MOVEMENT HAS BEEN THOUGHT OUT BEFORE.

THERE WILL BE A SLIGHT PAUSE BETWEEN DANCES; DURING THIS TIME WE WOULD LIKE TO ASK YOU TO RESTRAIN YOUR MUCH APPRECIATED ENTHUSIASM.

THANK YOU.....

BUCKS ROCK WORK CAMP NEW MILFORD CONNs

1. SUITE.....SCARLATTI  
 ( HARPSICHORDIST-FERNANDO VALENTI)  
 A. GREETINGS.....RIMA BERG  
 RIMA BERG, LIZ BERLINER  
 B. HOW DO YOU DO.....CAROL HOFFMAN, KAREN KISSIN,  
 NATALIE SIEGEL  
 C. SHE SAID AND HE SAID.....RIMA BERG, KAREN KISSIN  
 D. I DON'T CARE.....LIZ LAUTER WITH RUTH GROSSMAN,  
 NATALIE SIEGEL, ROSALIE SIEGEL  
 E. REMEMBRANCE.....LIZ BERLINER  
 F. I'M GONNA PLAY TOO.....COMPANY

COMPANY INCLUDES: RIMA BERG, LIZ BERLINER, RUTH GROSSMAN, CAROL HOFFMAN, KAREN KISSIN, LIZ LAUTER, NATALIE SIEGEL, ROSALIE SIEGEL

CHOREOGRAPHY BY DEBORAH ZALL  
 COSTUMES BY SARA ALLAN



2. HOW THE RHINOCEROS GOT HIS SKIN. BARTOK  
 (FROM A STORY BY RUDYARD KIPLING)  
 DANCED BY.....KAREN EISENBERG, JUDY KRASNOW  
 CHOREOGRAPHY.....KAREN EISENBERG, JUDY KRASNOW  
 3. FLIRTATION IN TOYLAND.....TCHAIKOWSKY  
 DANCED BY.....EVELYN BERMAN, BARBARA GOLDSTEIN,  
 LYDIA ORENS, DIANE STOLLER  
 CHOREOGRAPHY BY THE GROUP  
 4. "THE CHANGES THAT OCCUR THROUGHOUT THE DAY,  
 CHANGE OUR MOTIVATIONS IN EVERY WAY."  
 VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

DANCED BY: LIZ BERLINER, SYDNEY CULLINEN, KAREN EISENBERG, JULIE EUBEN, JANET GOLDSTEIN, JUDY KRASNOW, BARBARA HILLMAN, SUE MARSHALI

CHOREOGRAPHY BY DEBORAH ZALL  
 COSTUMES BY LIESEL PANTKE

5. ORPHEUS.....VIVALDI  
 THE DANCE BEGINS AT THE START OF ORPHEUS' RETURN FROM  
 THE UNDERWORLD, WHERE RHETO SAID HE WAS NOT ALLOWED TO  
 LOOK AT HER.  
 6. ORPHEUS.....RIMA BERG  
 EURYDICE.....KAREN KISSIN  
 CHOREOGRAPHY BY.....RIMA BERG, KAREN KISSIN  
 NOCTURNE.....POULENC  
 DANCED BY.....LIZ BERLINER AND SYDNEY CULLINEN  
 CHOREOGRAPHY BY.....LIZ BERLINER AND SYDNEY CULLINEN  
 7. THEME AND VARIATIONS.....BLOCH  
 DANCED BY RIMA BERG, SYDNEY CULLINEN, RUTH GROSSMAN, CAROL HOFFMAN, KAREN KISSIN, NATALIE SIEGEL, AND ROSALIE SIEGEL

CHOREOGRAPHY BY DEBORAH ZALL      REHEARSAL ASSISTANT CAROL HOFFMAN  
 COSTUMES BY LIESEL PANTKE      SOUND PETER YAMIN



# how do you make an etching?

Everybody is doing something in the Art Shop.

Some are seriously cutting glass for their mosaics. A mermaid, an Egyptian, several fish, and many colorful roosters have been made. The colors of the glass range from bright yellow, to dark red, soft blues, striking purples and beautiful greens.

Some people are singing; some are watching. Some are asking questions, "Is that a woodcut?" Some are giving opinions---"Use more color!" The clothes lines are full of orange and red patterns. These are colored woodcuts for our calendar.

Once a week we have a model, a lovely red-haired girl in a black leotard and tights. She poses and we sketch. We use pen and ink lines or the stroke of charcoal or paint brush. We observe the structure of the body. Jack and Phoebe watch and help.

Sometimes we go out of camp to oil paint the majestic blue green mountains and the beautiful countryside. We have been to auctions and fairs. We see a beautiful white church with interesting panelwork. We have our sketch boards and we begin. We must catch something. It must be fast. Soon it's time to go. On to the truck---and when we are back in the shop, we look over what we have done.

SUE BERMAN

# "me----try-out?"

by Naomi Adeimar

And yet, there you are, quaking as professionally as the old hands, at TRY-OUTS.

Les, seated on the rim of the stage, shuffles his little white cards, and begins to speak.

"Try-outs . . . may get into every play or none at all . . . no charity . . . doesn't mean you can't do as well . . . best fit apart and other actors . . . work . . . don't be discouraged . . ."

Then he looks searchingly around, and reshuffles his cards. "Write your name, age, height, and where you live in camp. Also, if you want, include what part you're particularly interested in. It won't do you any good, but write it anyway."



Now begins the ordeal. Les marches solemnly to the far end of the stage and starts the mysterious process of casting.

"Read page 6 of RED RIDING HOOD." Every specimen of life at that stage is called to read before you finally get your chance. So, trembling, your knees turned to oleo-margarine, you take a script and stumble on to the stage.

What! That's all? You hardly had a chance to open your mouth!

"How did I do, huh?"

"What does he say?"

on those little white cards? "If I can't hear you, it's already two strikes against you!"

"Those who've already read can leave!" So it's all over now. Finals will be posted tonight.

To your unspeakable joy, your name is listed for final try-outs!! Your ego swells three feet, but your stomach starts getting queazy.

Les seats himself on the rim of the stage, and you're off again. As the little white cards shimmer and dance before your eyes, you wait. You read. You shake. "Cast list will be posted tonight. Thank you."

How can you possibly go up to the Social Hall to see the list? But the call of the cast draws you. AND THERE'S YOUR NAME! YOU'RE GRANDMA! Yippee!

A  
DUCK'S ROCK  
PRODUCTION

TWO ONE-ACT PLAYS SATURDAY JULY 21, 1956 AT 8:30 P.M.

WURTZEL-FLUMMERY BY A.A. MILNE

"it sounds  
like a sausage!"

REP. STUART CRAWSHAW.....BEN APFELBAUM  
REP. RICHARD MERITON.....STUART WURTZEL  
MARGARET CRAWSHAW.....SUE KOHN  
VIOLA CRAWSHAW.....ALLENE RUBIN  
DENNIS CLIFTON.....BERT KLEINMAN  
MAID.....NAOMIADELMAN

SANTA CLAUS, A MORALITY PLAY BY E.E. CUMMINGS

SANTA CLAUS.....DEBORAH GORDON  
DEATH.....RIMA BERG  
CHILD.....CAROL SMITH  
VOICE.....CAROLE LEWIS  
WOMAN.....BARBARA PINE  
MOB.....JOSH WHITE, NICK  
DELBANCO, MAIDA  
GORDON, LUCY GILBERT,  
JEAN ANTON, NANCY  
HIRSCH, DIANNE  
STOLLER, DANNY PERL  
STEVE LIPSON, AYA  
DRY, CANDY BLISS  
SETS DESIGNED BY.....BOBBIE MILLER & ALLENE  
RUBIN

SETS CONSTRUCTED BY.....BOBBIE BLANK  
WITH THE HELP OF...BOBBIE MILLER  
ALLENE RUBIN  
DEBBIE BERSIN  
ANDY JEMPOLER  
JOAN MILLER

PROPS.....LAURIE COHEN (F)

COSTUMES.....SARAH ALLAN

DIRECTED BY LES CHARLOW

A  
BUCK'S ROCK  
PRODUCTION

A ONE-ACT PLAY - SATURDAY JULY 28, 1956 AT 8:30 P.M.

THE SHY AND LONELY BY IRWIN SHAW

LAWRENCE MOSHER.....ROBERT BERGEN

ALBERT SOWERS.....SELWYN COHEN

PETER SIRUTIS.....ANDY JAMPOLER

HARRIET TWIST.....LOIS LEMPEL

MADGE COUNIHAN.....JUDY MINOFF

ELEANOR KURLOFF.....LAURIE COHEN

SCENE: A SUMMER BUNGALOW ON A SMALL LAKE IN CONNECTICUT,  
SOME TWO OR THREE HOURS DISTANT FROM NEW YORK CITY.

TIME: THIS SUMMER.

THE PLAY IS IN TWO SCENES. THERE WILL BE A FEW  
SECONDS OF DARKNESS TO INDICATE THE PASSAGE OF TIME.

SCENE I: EVENING

SCENE II: THE NEXT NIGHT

SETS BY.....BOBBIE MILLER & LINDA  
BRENNER  
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF JACK & PHOEDE SONNENBERG

SOUND & LIGHTING BY.....JON KONHEIM  
DEBBIE DERSIN

PROPS BY.....LAURIE COHEN  
STU WURTZEL  
DEN APFELDAUM

DIRECTED BY LESLIE CHARLOW

"oops, fun for  
the masses...."

A  
BUCK'S ROCK  
PRODUCTION

A ONE ACT PLAY • SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 4, 1956 AT 8:30 P.M.

"ARIA DA CAPO" BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

COLUMBINE .....	FELICE ELIAS
PIERROT .....	KAREN EISENBERG
COThURNUS, MOSQUE OF TRAGEDY ...	SUE SWICK
CORYDON } SHEPHERDS .....	AVA BRY
THYRSIS } .....	NANCY HIRSCH

SCENE : A STAGE

SETS BY LUCY GILBERT, DEBBIE BERSIN, JOAN MILLER, BOBBIE BLANK

LIGHTING BY PETER YAMIN AND JON KONHEIM

PROPS BY BEN APFELBAUM

STAGE MANAGERS: ARLENE KAGLE AND JULIE EUBEN

DIRECTED BY CORA DIAMOND

*"but it's only  
a game!"*

HE AIN'T DONE RIGHT BY NELL, A MELODRAMA IN TWO ACTS  
BY WILBUR BRAUN

GRANNY WHO CARRIES A SECRET FOR YEARS....MISS JANE HIMBER  
LOLLY WILKINS THE OLD MAID.....MISS HEDY HARRIS  
HILTON HAYS A HEARTLESS VILLAIN.....MR. MICHAEL CHERNUCHIN  
VERA CARELTON FROM THE CITY.....MISS ELIZABETH LAUTER  
NELL PERKINS AN INNOCENT CHILD.....MISS ELEANOR WILE  
JACK LOGAN OUR MANLY HERO.....MR. JEFFREY CHANDERS  
BURKETT CARELTON THE MILL OWNER.....MR. RICHARD ROSENOW

SETS.....MISS BARBARA MILLER, MR. ROBERT BLANK, MR. PETER STOCKMAN  
LIGHTING.....MR. JON KONHEIM, MR. LEONARD DWORKIN,  
MR. JULIAN WINSTON, MR. JOHN HACK,  
MR. MARTIN LACHMAN  
PROPS.....MISS CAROL HOFFMAN, MISS ALICE WEIL,  
MISS CAROL HOPPENFELD, MISS ELAN GOLOMB, MISS JUDITH WEISS, MR. DAVID LAW  
PROGRAMS.....MISS LINDA BRENNER, MISS JUDITH LOBER,  
MISS ELLEN GOLDFIELD  
USHERS.....MR. BERNARD ZUCKER, MR. JERRY RINDLER,  
MR. STANLEY LEIBOWITZ  
OIL HOLDERS.....MISS BARBARA ROSS, MISS ANN MORRISON  
CHORUS.....MISS BARBARA MILLER, MISS ALICE WEIL,  
MISS BARBARA ROSS, MISS ELAN GOLOMB,  
MR. ROBERT BLANK, MISS CAROL HOPPENFELD, MR. DAVID LAW, MR. STANLEY LEIBOWITZ, MR. BERNARD ZUCKER, MR. ALBERT EPSTEIN, MR. ARTHUR BIAWITZ,  
MR. DAVID ALLAN, MR. JERRY RINDLER, MR. SELWYN COHEN, MR. RICHARD TRAUM,  
MISS ANN MORRISON, MISS ELLEN GOLDFIELD, MISS CAROL HOFFMAN, MISS JUDITH WEISS, MISS ELEANOR MAYER  
CHORUS DIRECTED BY.....MRS. JEANNE KATZ N.Y.H.D.  
GENERAL MANAGER.....MISS ELEANOR MAYER M.B.B.T.  
ENTIRE PRODUCTION DIRECTED BY MR. STUART WURTZEL, MR. BENJAMIN APFELBAUM, MISS LAURIE COHEN  
REGISSEUR.....MR. HOWARD L. CHARLOW B.S., M.F.A.,  
L.L.B.

CURB YOUR DOG

LADIES ARE REQUESTED TO REMOVE THEIR HATS

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

PLEASE USE SPITOONS IN LOBBY

THE AUDIENCE IS INVITED TO EXPRESS ITSELF AUDIBLY CONCERNING  
MATTERS HEROIC AND DEVILISH. (THAT IS, CHEER THE  
HERO AND HISSTHE VILLAIN.)

THANK YOU AND GOOD NIGHT.

*"I ain't just  
a piece of  
flotsam  
and jetsam!"*



TWO ONE-ACT PLAYS SUNDAY AUGUST 12, 1956 AT 8:30 P.M.

THE APOLLO OF BELLAC ADAPTED BY MAURICE VALENCY  
FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN GIRAUDOUX

AGNES ..... JUDY GINGOLD  
THERESE ..... SUE KOHN  
THE CLERK ..... MICKEY ROSENHAFT  
THE MAN ..... STUART WURTZEL  
THE VICE-PRESIDENT ..... JON KONHEIM  
MR. CRACHETON ..... DANNY PERL  
MR. LEPEDURA ..... JOEL KLAUSMAN  
MR. RASEMUTTE ..... RICHARD SUSSMAN  
MR. SCHULTZ ..... BERT KLEINMAN  
THE PRESIDENT ..... RICK LEE  
CHEVREDENT ..... JANET KONIG  
THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD .. JIM McBRIDE

"how handsome  
you are!"

SETS DESIGNED BY ..... DEBBIE BERSIN

SETS CONSTRUCTED BY ..... LUCY GILBERT  
SOUND BY ..... PETER YAMIN  
LIGHTING BY ..... PETER YAMIN & JON MARKS  
PROPS BY ..... STU WURTZEL

GOOD-BYE TO THE CLOWN BY ERNEST KINOW

MISS ERWIN ..... DIANE STOLLER  
DR. BENSON ..... NICK DELBANCO  
PEGGY ..... JANE BERLIANT  
THE CLOWN ..... RIMA BERG  
UNCLE GEORGE ..... BEN APPELDAUM  
MOTHER ..... CANDY BLISS

"I can wiggle  
my ears..."

PROPS & FURNITURE BY ..... BEN APPELDAUM  
LIGHTING BY ..... JON KONHEIM  
MUSIC BY ..... DAVID KATZ

ALL SETS DESIGNED AND EXECUTED UNDER THE DIRECTION  
OF PHOEBE & JACK SONNENBERG

DIRECTED BY LES CHARLOW

A  
BUCKS ROCK  
PRODUCTION

"How can we mortals be  
both good and rich?"

# THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN

BY BERTHOLT BRECHT

A play in two acts and nineteen scenes. August 25, 1956

WANG, the water seller.....	Bert Kleinman
FIRST GOD.....	Stuart Wurtzel
SECOND GOD.....	Josh White
THIRD GOD.....	Danny Perl
SHEN TE	Debbie Gordon
SHUI TA.....	Laurie Cohen
MRS. SHIN.....	Judy Krasnow
THE WIFE.....	Mickey Rosenhaft
THE HUSBAND.....	Bob Fell
THE NEPHEW.....	Jim McBride
THE UNEMPLOYED.....	Richard Rosenow
LIN TZU, the carpenter.....	Bob Bergen
THE BROTHER-IN-LAW.....	Liz Lauter
THE SISTER-IN-LAW.....	Sue Kohn
MRS. MI TZU, the landlady.....	Nick Delbanco
THE GRANDFATHER.....	David Pines
THE BOY.....	Thelma Aldmon
THE NIECE.....	Jeff Chambers
THE POLICEMAN.....	Maida Gordon
OLD WOMAN.....	Jon Konheim
OLD MAN.....	Andy Jampoler
YANG SUN, a flirter.....	Ben Apfelbaum
SHU FU, the barber.....	Linda Herzenberg
MRS. YANG.....	Naomi Adelman
BAKERY WOMAN.....	Susan Pines
HOUSEHOLDER #1.....	Jane Victor
HOUSEHOLDER #2.....	Natalie Siegel
HOUSEHOLDER #3.....	Lewis Wolfenson
A GENTLEMAN.....	Steve Lipson
ANOTHER GENTLEMAN.....	Richard Sussman
ANOTHER GENTLEMAN.....	Karen Kissin
A STREET WALKER.....	Ethan Geto
WAITER.....	Richard Sussman
PRIEST.....	Ricky Winston
FENG, the carpenter's son.....	Carol Smith
TZU, the carpenter's daughter.....	Naomi Adelman
EPILOGUE.....	

## THE PLAY

TIME: the present - or any time

PLACE: the city of Setzuan, China - or any place

ACT I

Prologue.....A Street near the entrance to Setzuan  
Scene 1.....Shen Te's Tobacco Shop  
Scene 1A.....The Bridge  
Scene 2.....Shen Te's Tobacco Shop  
Scene 3.....The City Park  
Scene 3A.....The Bridge  
Scene 4.....The Square in front of Shen Te's  
Tobacco Store  
Scene 4A.....Shen Te's Transformation  
Scene 5.....Shen Te's Tobacco Store  
Scene 5A.....Shen Te, on the way to her wedding.

ACT II

## CREDITS

Lighting..... Peter Yamin, Jon Konheim,  
 Debbie Bersin  
 Sound..... Jon Marks  
 Stage and Construction Crews..... Debbie Bersin, Bobbie Miller,  
 Joan Miller, Sue Marshall,  
 Allene Rubin, Nancy Hirsh,  
 Rima Berg  
 Properties..... Ben Apfelbaum, Stu Wurtzel  
 Property Mistress..... Laurie Cohen  
 Chief Carpenters..... Bobby Blank, Lucy Gilbert  
 Costumière..... Sara Allan  
 Music for the Songs..... Stefan Wolpé  
 Arranged and Conducted by..... David Katz  
 Incidental Music..... Stefan Wolpé, Charles Ives  
 Chamber Orchestra.....  
     Liesel Pantke & Barbara Bulova violins  
     David Anton cello  
     Jess Weinger oboe  
     Toby Robison & Selwyn Cohen clarinets  
     Charles Cintor bassoon     Jeff Mann percussion  
     Alan Chartok trumpet     Lois Engelson piano  
 SETS DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY... Jack and Phoebe Sonnenberg

DIRECTED BY LESLIE CHARLOW

"DEATH AND SANTA CLAUS..SEE SARA  
ALLAN AT THREE P.M. TODAY...."

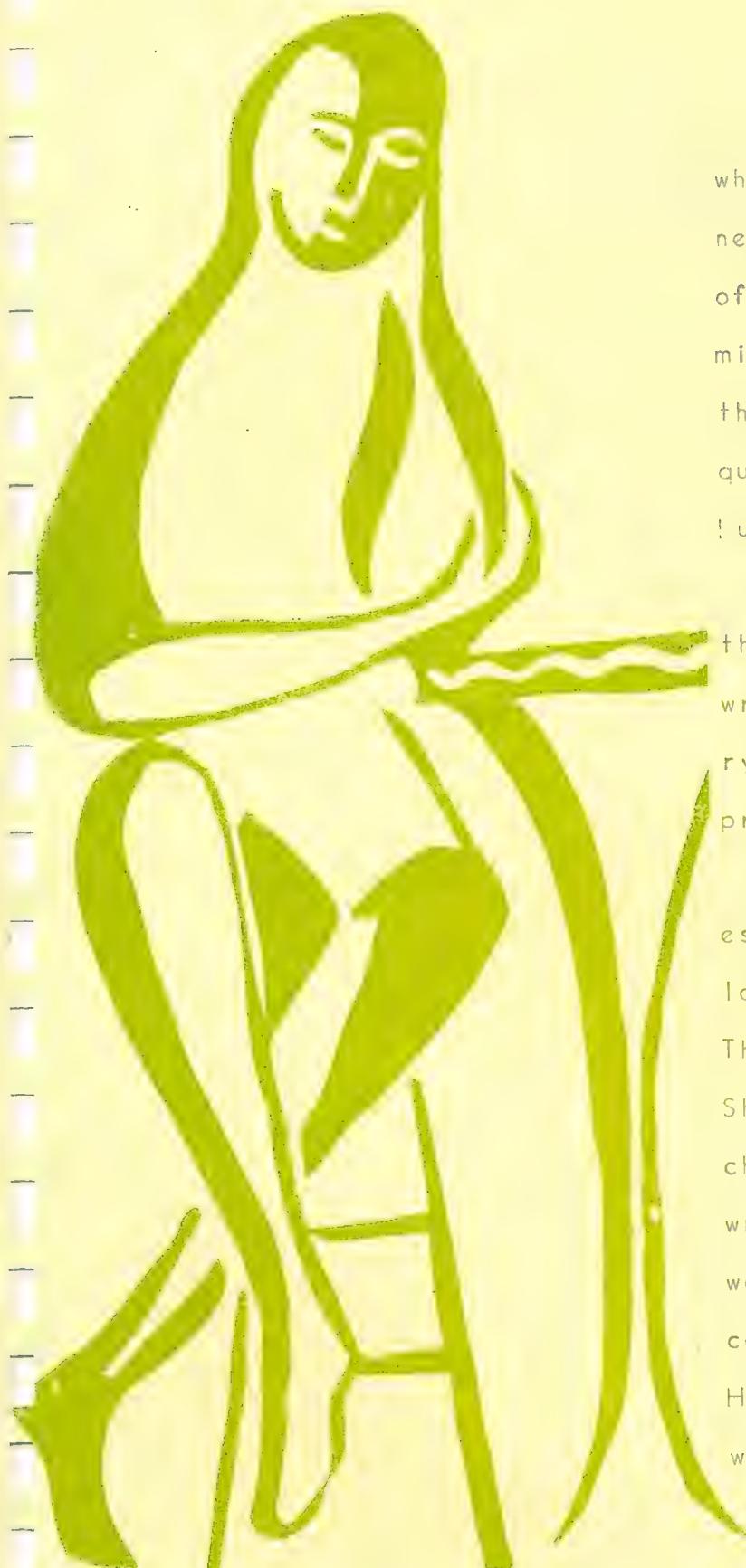
The busy hum of a sewing machine is often heard from the cabin with the big awning. Sara Allan is patiently working on costumes for the next dance or dramatic production.

After a half hour, she has finally convinced the actors or dancers to stand still for their fittings and now she is transforming pieces of cloth and decoration into elaborate Chinese dresses. This particular production requires more than twenty costumes. The carefully done and cleverly fashioned clothing shows the work and the time Sara has put in.

Sara has a costume closet full of fascinating costumes from all the plays given in recent years. A rummage through the closet reveals a complete wardrobe of old-fashioned and modern dress, country and city attire, and foreign and American wear. All of these were made by Sara during the past few years. Often in subsequent plays these costumes reappear. Santa Claus' robe is inherited by Little Nell. Deaths' black garments become Hilton Hays' cape. Dresses change character with the addition of a belt or the elimination of the collar.

But still, every production depends upon Sara Allan for original and difficult costumes, for her beautiful work adds immeasurable quality to each presentation.

ELLY WILE



There is an hour during the day when the Print Shop and its new annex are bathed in silence. A group of creative writers ponder in the midst of the thoughtful quiet, when the sun is just setting and the mosquitos are satisfying their evening lust.

Inspired by the mood of a day that has just passed, we sit and write. We write what we feel, poetry, prose, or just phrases to express our thoughts and imaginings.

These are the feelings and wishes we have often had about life, love, God, people, places, and plans. This summer we have sat in the Print Shop, missing baseball games and chamber music concerts, in order to write them down. During the summer we published "Midsummer Thoughts," containing the work we had done. Here is some more of our creative writing.

# rose

Rose!

Pure red upon a milk white breast,  
Fragrant and sweet,  
The delicate breeze whispers through your petals,  
Rose oh Rose,  
Your home is joy,  
Your mother beauty.  
In June you live a thousand times,  
Blessing each of Heaven's tears that fall upon your velvet robes.  
You have known sadness,  
But mirth is more often your companion.  
Your perfume has been copied, never matched.  
The harp's sweet voice is harsh,  
Compared to the nightingales who sing your praises,  
Rose your presence is beauty personified.

BELINDA GOLD

Tonight I feel very happy and contented. My parents came last evening and I had both a serious talk and an amusing one. They were here for only about three quarters of an hour, but I feel I understood them and they did me. How can I feel blue?

Perhaps the only thing blue about me this evening is my clothes: blue jeans and a blue checked shirt. I feel satisfied, but maybe, for only a little while, as tonight I will have to talk about something I know nothing about. How can I feel blue when there are so many interesting people to be with and so many wonderful things to do? In any possible blue moments (there have been several this summer) the environment plus the people help you quickly change your color to either exciting, adventurous red, or a happy contented yellow. If you feel blue, people will feel blue with you to try to change or comfort you. People are wonderful when I'm feeling low.

There is only one blue day here at camp. That is the departure from this place. But more exciting things will happen.

How can I feel blue?

CAROL HOFFMAN

## blue

Blue is everywhere. It can be seen from ocean to river, city to hamlet and mountain to hill. The world is never without it, for with it would go the sparkling, never yielding purity which dominates us.

Blue is the small boy in overalls, who sleeps in the hayloft under the stars.

Blue is the sky, and all the majestic beauty it holds for the young in spirit and the wayfaring adventurer.

Blue is peace and placid quiet. Blue is ice. Blue is fire. It is bliss and intelligence. Blue is each of these, but most of all it is the future. Those with courage and open hearts may ride the blue carpet into a far yonder trail, and, blue will always be there to guide them to those unknown regions it has already explored.

SUE SEIDEMAN

# yellow

The stony dirt road wandered aimlessly through the Connecticut country-side, marking a guiding boundry line between the dense green, brown and yellow foliage lining either side.

The breeze wove delicately through the leaves, tickling them into motion.

A thin wispy cloud lazed sweetly on its way.

Past the shubbery on one side rolled a thick carpeted field. Each timid stalk, perfection in its shy ochre glow, raised its singing head to a basking sun.

Through the branches on the other side reached more branches, and still more. Light and dark greens. Brown. Startled by gold and red. Reaching to the hills.

Hills of green to mountains of blue, purple, and black. Mountains warming their cool brows in the depths of a smiling sky.

Around and around and down the dusty little road a warm peach yellow glow caressed the farmland.

NAOMI ADELMAN

# nature

Now, with the trees whispering their bountiful refrains, I sit beneath their swaying boughs and write. My thoughts seem to ebb with the atmosphere of loveliness and calmness that the country brings.

When the winds decide to send one of their gentle breezes, it dissolves the stickiness and warmness around me. Then the high grasses ripple like the waters; the trees rustle as if telling great and wonderful secrets; the air is cool and inviting; but now the breezes are gone. What is left is the warmth of the sun flowing down from the heavens above me. The earth is still, with only nature herself and me in the world. The birds are twittering and singing to you, the world, and to myself, their plentiful melodies echoing again and again through the meadow. The crickets seem to love to chatter incessantly. The silky, airy, delicate threads that belong to the web of some scurrying spider, sparkle in the bright rays of the sun. The ants work continuously; the bees buzz. Here is nature in her full glory.

The clouds above me glide in all their abundance hardly stopping to echo their tidings. They are full and billowing with their own silvery whiteness.

The clouds drift away and the sky, rich and blue, is left. Clear, oh so clear are the heavens now.

From far, far away comes the sound of civilization. But away from civilization for just a little while! I want to be smothered in the real nature.

Not far from this spot is a little brook, tinkling along gaily. Can you picture it as I can? I can't see it but the bubbling sounds which the breeze blows towards my ears help me to visualize it.

The branches of the great oak under which I'm sitting are rocking back and forth, back and forth. The tree is heavy with leaves and it casts such a full and beautiful shadow. Tall and majestic stands the tree. A symbol of strength and of all nature. Tall and proud stands the tree. A symbol of love and beauty. Tall and wonderful stands the tree. A symbol of God and His earth.

Now, as I look about me I see nature in her full warmth, glory and abundance. I look around me at nature and I feel "All's right with the world."

SUE KOHN

The bomb had come and a terrible battle for survival had followed. Now, this one man alone was left. His body dropped to the earth in exhaustion, and he lay there. As the sun shone upon him it burned his skin but he felt it not as he slept. After many hours had passed, the brilliant sun slowly set behind the hill. The sky grew darker and the night air was cool. The moon appeared and as its light touched the body it gave his face an eerie look, but the man took no notice for he was now in a world of silence.

At last, the stars too were gone and the sky grew lighter. The dawn was approaching and the rays of the sun were warm, as they spread over the different parts of the earth.

Then the man awoke and he was rested. He got up from the bare ground and said to himself, "I have much work to do this day. I will build a farm and plant crops on which to live. My body is rid of this sleep and I must hurry."

The man turned toward the glaring ball of fire and started to walk away. A little figure turned to follow him. He was an angel of God, sent to help this man start a better civilization, and build a new world, of peace.

alone

JANET KONIG

# silence

They say silence is golden. But no. They're wrong.  
Silence is silver, glass, lead, but not gold.

Gold is too harsh, too, yes, of course, too loud.  
Gold notes fame, lust, gaiety, not silence.

Silver is silence - pure, tranquil, mellow, tender,  
a quiet which lasts long enough, but not too long. A  
stillness of soul, contentment. Far away - so far.

Glass is also silence - delicate, fragile. Wrapped  
in a veil of stillness, yet outside beyond the wispy veil  
is the crude racket of the world, softened and filtered  
by the glass to a sound appropriate to silence.

Lead too is silence - thick, heavy, lost silence.  
Without end. Too long, too deep. Death.

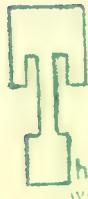
But not gold. Never gold.

NAOMI ADFFMAN

# inspiration

I am inspired, inspired to write beautiful words, to say glorious things, to do marvelous deeds. I want to throw my emotions down on paper, open them to the world. My heart is bursting with thoughts of love, beauty, with joy of life. The world would benefit from my joy and my enthusiasm if I should choose to reveal my spirit. But though I feel the words well up within me, I am afraid. I fear the world I love so much. I do not want the world to know my deepest thoughts, it may laugh, it may criticize. My thoughts are sacred to me. I could not bear their being misused. I fear the world knowing me too well. My life would be open to it and I would have no possessions. I fear my self. I fear revealing myself to myself. Thus the words, the deeds, remain inside, but not dormant. They will find a way out when I have conquered the world.

ELLY WILE



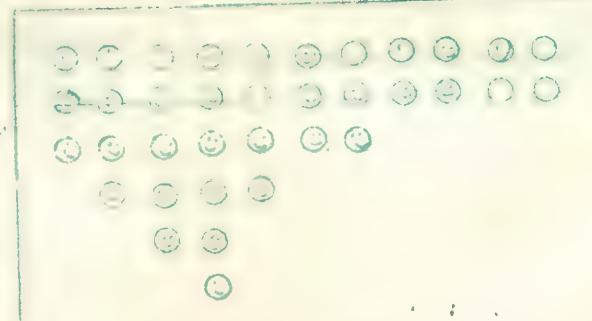
The spirits are high  
When our camp is at play,  
The Buck's Rock spirit  
Lasts through the day.

Sportsmanship and friendliness  
Add to the fun.  
It's ours to enjoy,  
'Til the summer is done.



WE **PLAY** TOGETHER

# "33-no I count--34"



69 Papermill Road, the house where mail is delivered through the telephone box, is the address of a separate, unique department of camp. It houses the waterfront crew, headed by General Swim, alias Bob Sacks, assisted by Matty Bergen and Joan O'Rourke.

This cabin, with the exterior decoration by Sue Berman and Barbara Millman, is the night lodging place for a new arrival this year, the tag board. On its cuphooks, an accurate (?) check of the campers in -- and under the water, is kept.

Many activities are centered around the tiny "cabana." At the crack of dawn (10:40) the advanced swimmers are down at the waterfront conscientiously perfecting their strokes in the icy water. Right after first lunch, when campers are most susceptible to stomach cramps, the lifesavers are valiantly practicing to enforce the motto, "The life you save may be paying tuition next year."

General Swim, the time when all campers can take a refreshing dip, is from two to three P.M. Many find this swim a treatment instead of a treat because of the bamboo poles in their ribs, soap in their eyes, and the struggling and splashing of other unfortunate novices who are also trying to keep their heads above water. The one rule that is strictly enforced during general swim is, "Campers are not to feed or tamper with counselors who are on lifeguard duty."

The beginners and intermediates tackle their strokes from three to four. This course emphasizes the fundamentals of aquatic movement. Next, the swimmers are ready to take the plunge. The water is warmer now, and the groans and complaints are at an all time low. The more advanced fishes concentrate on dives and more advanced strokes.

Soon after five, when all the Buck's Rock water babies are up, the little cabin with the painted on knocker settles down for a quiet night, for it must prepare itself for another busy day.

CANDY BLISS and AL EPSTEIN

## ARCHERY

with PAULINE PETERSON and STEVE BULOVA  
"whoopie...another bull's eye..."

## GOLF

with MATTY BERGEN  
"fore"

## BASKETBALL

with MATTY BERGEN

"don't chuck so much....pass the ball!"

## HORSESHOES

"did you see that bounce?"

## CHESS

with JERRY STOLLER

"no kibitzing..this is a tournament game!"

## RIFLERY

with DAN URNOWSKI

"don't shoot at the clothespins...  
shoot at Will" (who's Will?)

## TETHERBALL

"ropes....winners....get off my side...."

## ARCHERY

with PAULINE PETERSON and STEVE BULOVA  
"whoopie...another bull's eye..."

## GOLF

with MATTY BERGEN  
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shoot at Will" (who's Will?)

## TETHERBALL

"ropes....winners....get off my side...."

## PING-PONG

"war of 18 to 12...  
under the net...."

## BADMINTON

"please stay off the court...."

## VOLLEYBALL

"rotate...out of  
bounds...."

COMPILED BY TOBY ROBISON

## TENNIS

Of Buck's Rock tennis  
What can we say?  
But that we enjoy it  
In just every way.

Those holes in our sneakers  
And defuzzed ball  
Certainly do add  
To the fun of it all.

With Joan O'Rourke  
You can't go wrong  
She's willing to help  
All the day long.

On balance now,  
And take your swing,  
That's the rule  
For evryth'ng.

Shake hands with the racquet  
"How do you do?"  
Now take your shot  
And follow through.

Take the next one  
On a run  
Don't collapse!  
You aren't done.

No matter how good  
Or poor, after a game  
The classification  
Remains the same.

No matter how hot  
The blazing sun,  
The tennis matches  
Are always fun.

SUE SEIDEMAN

ARCHERY	Buck's Rock's little Robin Hoods meet often in the field behind the Girl's House Annex. The archers shoot for scores in attempts to get one of the eight awards.
BADMINTON	Badminton wound up its active year in tournaments conducted by Steve Silver. So many people like to play that a second court has been discussed.
BASKETBALL	There has been high interest in this year's basketball program, with about thirty people coming out to play.. A win against New Milford was one of their best victories.
CHESS	No matter what time it is, or what activities are planned, you can always find someone playing chess. We have had a rapid transit tournament, many variations on the game, and the Buck's Rock open chess tournament, which most people who enjoy chess, enter. No matter who wins, everyone has a good time.
GOLF	Fore! This is the first year of golf at Buck's Rock. From the number of campers who turned out, it is obvious that it has been a success. The one hole course, built by the campers themselves, has been named the nineteenth hole.
HORSESHOES	This popular activity keeps many campers busy. The players' main complaint, which they voice very often, is their lack of luck.
PING-PONG	Wherever you go on the campus, the gentle tap of the ping-pong ball is heard. The popularity of the game is demonstrated by the many tables and sets of rules.
RIFLERY	This year, riflery has been an extremely successful activity. Recently, a sixth range, three new targets, and an offhand (standing) target have been added. Campers who never before handled rifles have earned many National Rifle Association Awards.
TETHERBALL	Wham! Watch that ball wrap around that pole! Tetherball can be a rough sport, but that doesn't leave anyone out as shown by the number of eager players.

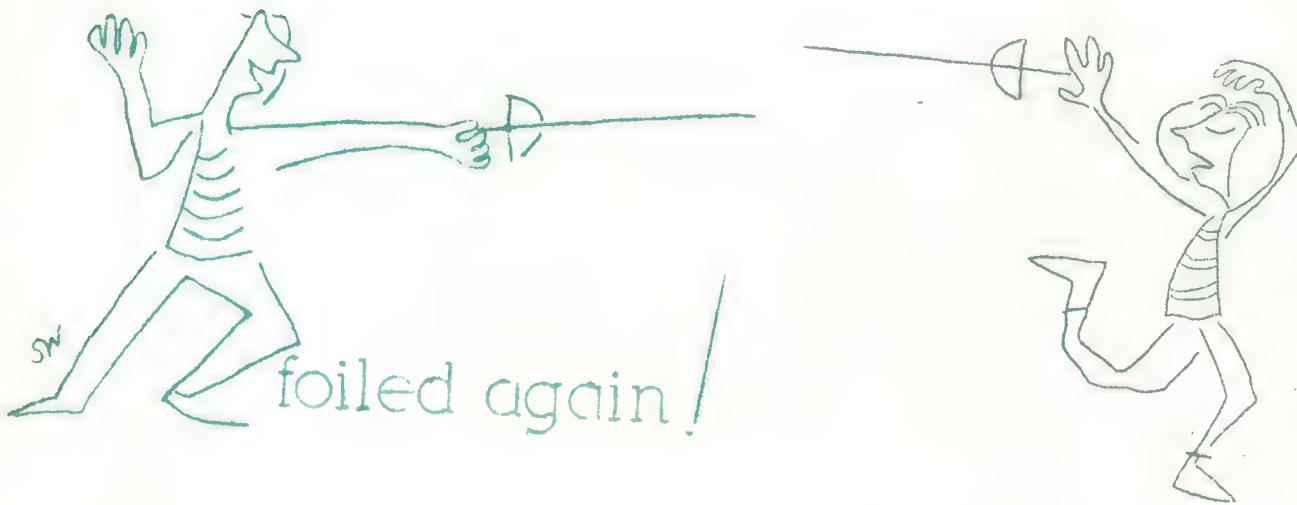
"we have all kinds of sports,  
  
 for half-pints  
 and quarts!"

Edited by TOBY ROBISON  
 Reported by Charles Cantor, Steve Figler, Erica Mann,  
 Joel Pensky, and Toby Robison.

Each day sounds of "Parry, thrust," "touche," and "foiled again" were heard from the Social Hall porch at 10 in the morning and 5 in the afternoon. These commands were part of the vocabulary of the Buck's Rock fencers. The Social Hall porch was the fencers' permanent headquarters until later in the summer when they repaired to their newly-made field.

The Buck's Rock fencing program, under the direction of Elsa Walburg (Fencey), boasted of many added attractions this year. Among these were two fencing exhibitions, both directed by Mr. Ken Shailler, former Connecticut State Fencing Champion. The first included a demonstration by Mr. Clarke Cady, former Blind Fencing Champion of Massachusetts. listeners were pelted with many pertinent bits of information during the exhibitions but, probably the most interesting of all to the fencers was the statement that persons with higher I.Q.'s were those attracted to fencing.

Another highlight of the season was a fencing tournament in which there were fourteen participants. The tournament, held in mid-August, was officiated by members of the Water-



bury Fencers Club, and as in all recognized tournaments, the winner, Stan Siegel, received an engraved medal. As an extra reward, our champion fenced the former state champ. Although Stan was not quite a match for our guest's lightning fast speed, much was gained by all the fencers through our champ's experience.

Eleven of our fourteen tournament fencers began as prep fencers this year and, through much effort and time on both theirs and the instructors' parts became fairly advanced fencers. Throughout the summer the fencers were grouped into three groups, these being prep, Intermediate, and advanced.

As the culmination of our fencers' efforts, an exhibition was planned for Festival day, including various maneuvers, comedy bouts, and lessons in the art of fencing.

CAROL HOPPENFELD, BEN TELLER, and TOBY ROBISON

baseball, always a popular sport at Buck's Rock, once again was displayed in full color this year.

The Varsity, heading the list of baseball activities, was run by Steve Silver. It had a rough season, although the members played a vigorous game. Their first encounter against New Milford turned out to be a squeaker. Although the Buck's Rock nine lost, it was by the slimmest possible margin - one run. The fact that they rallied for seven runs in the last inning added spark to the game.



The Watermelon League also was a colorful affair with all four teams thick in the running for the league title. Team I, with Brook Hart as captain, outclassed the other three teams and thus distinguished themselves as league champions.

The girls, not to be outdone, formed a softball league for themselves. Many an afternoon, Ernie would announce: "Girls softball practice at four." Their first contest, played against the Junior Varsity, was a dismal affair, but none could say that the girls didn't have it in spirit and determination.

During this past season, baseball was heartily enjoyed by participants and spectators alike.

JERRY RINDLER

If you go down Buck's Rock Road and turn at the Farmhouse, you come to the barn. At five P.M. you will see a tall man with tousled red hair picking up huge forkfuls of hay as fast as CIT's Hedy Harris and Lenny Dworkin can pitch them down from the hay loft above. As you know, this is Red Barden, the riding instructor.

Meanwhile, about five eager campers are feeding the horses oats and watering their favorites. Red feels that learning to take care of the horses is just as important as learning good horsemanship.



"heels down  
knees in!"

In the riding department there are some fifty riders ranging from kids who have never ridden before to those who have participated in horseshows. Beginners learn to have confidence in their horses and themselves and to post and to trot. More advanced riders concentrate on better form and learn to canter. Everyone who takes riding leaves Buck's Rock with a better understanding of horses as well as horsemanship.

On August 11, four hopeful riders left Buck's Rock for the Litchfield Horse Show. The riders, Rima Berg, Hedy Harris, Ellen Larsen, and Gail Pierce, competed in open horsemanship, hack, and jumping classes. Although they took no ribbons, the experience they gained and the fun they had were well worth the effort.

ILENE KAPLAN and ELLEN LARSON

As usual, I was one of the lucky ones. Oh, such luck! It shouldn't happen to a snake!

At the proper time, I boarded a big blue bus. It was numbered "one." I was going to Stratford, Conn. to see Shakespeare's Measure for Measure. Well, let's put it this way, I never went the last measure.

After waiting half an hour to begin, and picking up an extra five passengers (because their bus hadn't come yet) we were finally on our way (I thought).

We were smoothly riding along, seeing all the beautiful, green Connecticut mountains and landscape, when - bumpity bump, jerk, and kerplunk, we were no longer smoothly riding at all. We were standing still, on the side of a highway.



As it was getting hot in the bus, we got out and strolled on the cool, green grass near the highway. We sat, talked, sang, and listened to Leslie tell stories. There were sixteen girls and four boys, so I guess the boys didn't mind particularly. As for me, it was nothing but frustration. We were there for about two and a half hours, on the side of a highway going to Stratford, with some soft bananas for companions.

At one point, two very friendly young gentlemen drove up to us in a dusty gray Pontiac and questioned us as to what was wrong. Our own cute Debbie Sacks explained the situation to them. They were very polite and set out to overtake buses to bring us to Stratford. No such luck!

"bus no:1!"  
Time for a snack and we enjoyed those lovely, brown, mushy bananas." Later (much later), we received news that a bus that was in a garage for repairs was going to rescue us and bring us to Stratford to see the fifth and final act.

At last! Lady Luck was kind to us and we caught sight of a bus gleaming in the sunlight. I was finally going to see my first live Shakespearean play! We all hustled into the bus and then came the news - the awful, horrible news. The bus couldn't take us to Stratford because its gears were no longer functioning and it just would not make it. So, here we were, in a bus, sitting calm, cool, and collected, going back to Buck's Rock from a place now known to us as "Half Way to Shakespeare."

Sunday morning, August 5, was a busy and exciting one for us Buck's Rockers. We were going to Tanglewood! While the girls put on their fancy dresses with fringe and lace, the boys wore Bermuda shorts. We ate breakfast and waited for the buses to come. Finally they arrived and we were off on the three hour ride to Tanglewood. As the buses rolled steadily along at a merry pace, we were all enjoying ourselves. Some of us slept while others sang and talked. It was fun!

At long last, we came tumbling in through the gates of the parking lot in Tanglewood. All of us came rolling out of the buses, got our tickets and went into the park where the concert was to be given. The grass in the different shades of green, the clean, blue sky with fluffy white clouds drifting through it, and all the other beautiful phases of nature were not noticed by campers of Buck's Rock, because at this time we were all concentrating on the lunch of chicken, potato chips, cake, peaches, and bug juice.

While we ate, Marty spied on us with his camera, so if we ate like pigs it was all being recorded. Cleaning up wasn't hard, since Bob Sacks went around with the garbage box. After that we walked around, and bought ice cream, soda, and other refreshments.

When the gong sounded it meant to take seats and get ready for the recital to begin. Naturally, we got our seats on the grass under the blazing, golden hot sun, far away from the orchestra. It would have been wonderful if we heard the music, but we got sunburns anyway.

After the concert ended, we all got up and wearily walked back to the buses in the parking lot and got ready to face a long and dreary ride back to camp. Instead, it turned out to be fun again, as we sang and chatted, and before we knew it, we went to supper, red faces and all, back in the faithful old dining room. Music or no music, it was a day well spent for all concerned.

EVELYN BERMAN



# "PLEASE, JUST ONE MORE NIGHT?"

The gong has just rung, and excitement mounts in the Girls House. This part of camp is going on an overnight. Sleeping bags line the floor, and everyone is warned to take extra warm clothes for a chilly night under the stars.

Dutch, who is in charge of the overnights, loads nineteen girls, two CIT's and one counselor on an open truck. The ride to Black Rock Park is almost as much fun as the actual over-night.

When the girls arrive, they are surprised to see how civilized Black Rock is. Inside one big tent there is a refrigerator and a storage bin for food. After everyone is done deciding whether to sleep under a pine grove, it's vegetable peeling time. In this case, it's no peel vegetables, no eat vegetables.

"Into bathing suits, girls, it's time for a swim!" The beach turns out to be unusually inviting. The sun is directly overhead, the waters are just right for swimming, and the life guards are exceptionally good-looking. So let's go! By the time the girls come back to the camp site, they resemble lobsters.

A hike to the top of the mountain where the Black Rock is situated is promised after dinner. Everyone has his fill of the vegetables he helped prepare, and of steak. The hike to Black Rock is rewarding, rewarding because when the goal is reached the view of the Connecticut landscape is breathtakingly beautiful.

Someone said something about roasting marshmallows around a campfire after dark. That someone was right. The fire, along with five layers of clothing, manages to keep the girls somewhat warm. It's very dark now at Black Rock, and no matter how civilized the place seems in the daytime, when you put together a good ghost story teller, a dark night, and noises from the woods, you get some pretty scary results. After being scared out of ten years' growth, the girls crawl into their sleeping bags, for what they hope will be a good night. Since they cannot turn over in their sleeping bags, they become avid star watchers. Then there is quiet, the camping out group is asleep.

The sun rises, and there is the promise of a hot day. Eggs and toast are on the breakfast menu. Everyone has worked up quite an appetite. Someone is elected to wash the silverware in the stream near the camp. Not too many pieces float away.

"Down to the beach again, girls, and into the sun!" The lunch of this day is served on the beach.

Back again at the camp site, a reluctant group of girls pack their sleeping bags and wait for Dutch, who will soon come to take them back to camp. As they board the truck, they think of a wonderful two days, two days which will certainly be remembered when they look back over the summer at Buck's Rock.

BELINDA GOLD

# "TONIGHT WHEN THE GONG RINGS..."

The Buck's Rock spirit is to be found in almost every one of the many evening activities, from the very beautiful abstract modern dances, to an exciting game of baseball. In entertainment such as a play, the spirit and enthusiasm is found in the audience as well as the players. In a game of baseball all the sports enthusiasts root for our team.

Each week we are entertained with an excellent movie. Many of us remember one movie in particular, while others remember all, taking a small thought from each.

Ernst's psychology classes are a very popular evening activity. Several films were shown and thoroughly discussed, both in organized groups and informally. Among the films we saw were, "Fears of Children," "The Feeling of Hostility," and the "Feeling of Rejection." Those who attend these classes seem to learn quite a bit from them.

The debates and forums, organized by Jerry Stoller, introduce topics of discussion that last for many days. The members of the panel as well as the audience have a chance to express their opinions on interesting and controversial subjects. Many of us remember the discussion entitled "Buck's Rock Activities - the Problems We Face."

The campfires are an important part of every camp year. Sitting in front of an open fire listening to one of Ernst's stories gives us a pleasure seldom found elsewhere. We think of our happy and sad experiences at Buck's Rock and before.

Square dancing, run by Barry at the tennis courts, is a great deal of fun, reminding us of the rural atmosphere that we live in for eight weeks.

Talent Night was a great success, with the numbers varying from classical music to semi-classical to jazz. The miscellaneous programs, such as "I've Got a Secret," the scavenger hunt, and "Showcase," added humor and variety.

We remember the quiet evenings spent more intellectually, listening to poetry readings by Cora and Les, sitting in the Katz Bowl hearing recorded concerts of classical, folk, and show music, and enjoying chamber music performances.

We have Elsa Walberg, who is in charge of our entertainment program, to thank for all of our enjoyable evenings at Buck's Rock.

JONATHAN MARKS



She walked down the steps of the Social Hall. Was camp like this? she thought. She had arrived that morning hoping to find many people whom she could be friends with. All the others were old campers and were too busy exchanging exciting news to bother with her. Since the morning she had arrived, not a person had said a friendly "Hi" to her. At home she had a circle of friends. Why couldn't it be the same at camp? Trying not to show her tears, she rushed back to her bunk. Sitting alone, she started to think. "Maybe I haven't been friendly with the other campers? Why should they all rush over to me?" She decided she would give a friendly "Hi" to the next person she saw.

Slowly she walked out of her bunk and looked around. Right under the nearby oak tree she saw a girl about her age just sitting there. "I'll go up to her. She must be new also." Full of friendly feeling, she walked up to the girl and greeted her.

An hour later two figures walked arm in arm toward their bunks chattering like old friends.

ROBERTA ELIAS



aunch companions  
At Buck's Rock are we  
Combining our efforts  
To live happily.

A bull session  
Or hearty pillow fight  
Always makes  
For a life of delight.

1911  
Year of the Rat



WE **LIVE** TOGETHER

"Lemme in!"

# R

ight down the road, next to the beloved infirmary, is our home, the Farmhouse. There is never a dull moment there.

Outside you can always find a game of ping-pong going on. When you're just about to serve, and it's a point game, someone comes along wearing a very familiar-looking pair of Bermudas. You say, "I have the same thing."

"Of course, they're yours," she answers. You stand still for a second as she walks nonchalantly down the road.

All of a sudden a scream is heard through the Farmhouse. "Martha!" Next comes the familiar cry, "Hurry up in the bathroom." Then along comes someone, pokes the towel out of the peek-hole, and says, "Lemme in." Back comes the answer, "Ach too, I'm brushing my teeth." And so it goes in our bathroom.



Getting us up in the morning and getting us to go to sleep at night is the hardest job for the counselors, who are Martha, Pat, Susi, and Marcia. They think we are all dozing off, when suddenly a cry comes through the darkness, "Who wants a cookie?" You hear the patter of big feet all running in the same direction. After we have all gotten our share of a stomach ache, in comes Pat and says in a real rough tone, "Can I have a cookie too?" When she's eaten to her heart's content, she breaks up the party. At last we are all settled in bed. In the morning, we try very unsuccessfully to get up. Finally, by the first breakfast gong, Martha's trusty alarm clock blasts off. That gets us up!

Laundry day is a big thing at the Farmhouse, or rather a big nuisance. By the time we are all done, we're ready for third breakfast. Then back comes the laundry with awful results. Our underwear is starched and ironed, and our chinos and dungarees are thoroughly wrinkled. Also, battles are going on in different bunks.

So that's about it in the Farmhouse with troubles and fun. But, just the same, we all love the joint.

FELICE ELIAS and JANET GOLDSTEIN

# "Swab the deck!"



Life in the Boys' House is loads of fun, especially when you wake up in the morning to find Bergie counting over you with a glass of water in his hand. You realize that he means to throw water over you if you don't get out of bed. By this time, the cold water is dripping down your back. You must understand, though, that Bergie doesn't want to do this--the only reason he does is to maintain his reputation.

There is a bright side, too. You usually wake to the charming words from Dave Anton of (and I quote) "Hit the deck, you heck, rise and shine, and shine and rise, baked beans for breakfast and last, but not by any means least, swab the deck, swab jockies." The boys of bunk 71 have decided that poor old Dave still has a streak of the navy in him.

Then the rest of the day it is rather quiet except after lunch when everybody is looking for Anna Anton and the mail.

In the evening after the gong has rung and you are late there is nary a one who can sneak into the room and escape the watchful eye or ear of SHERLOCK BERGAN. The look he gives you makes you shrink three feet and makes you want to run into the nearest corner. Even the mightiest he-men crumble under the mighty blow of Bergie's stare.

And so passes another day in the unforgettable BOYS' HOUSE..

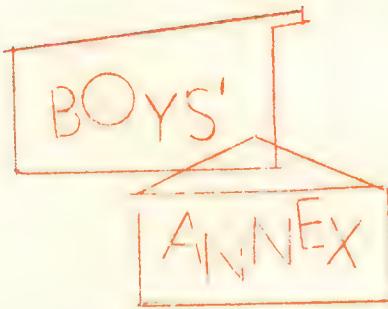
STEVE LIPSON

BOYS' HOUSE

# "Eight counselors!"



How would you like to be awakened every morning by screaming, a mambo band, and Harry Belafonte? In the Boy's Annex, this is the case. Some people believe that the gong is enough to wake us poor campers up, but our eight counselors certainly do not share this opinion. Five minutes after the gong gongs, a very sleepy counselor, Dan Urtnowsky, comes through the annex carrying of all things, a loudspeaker blaring the mellow sounds of Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" or some other fitting musical extravaganza. This does slightly more than the gong. Eventually the other seven misfits stagger in, and complete the invasion.



There is one thing no house but the Annex can brag about, and that is that no matter where you go around camp you'll always stumble across an Annex counselor. In the shops we have four agents, Alpine and Atblank, Art Laufer, and A.B. Dick Levity (Clevery). In athletics we planted Matty Bergen, and as our look-out (rifle and all we positioned Dan, with double duty of master surgeon at the Biology Lab. We have two engineers, Pete Cohen, in construction, and Stan Wetsenberg in the Incinerator. So.... wherever you go, or wherever you look, you'll never find a more varied conglomeration of counselors than those of the BOY'S ANNEX.

Naturally there are other points of interest in the Annex besides the infamous counselors. There is the hockey league (NHLBR), which plays daily matches in the bunk 61-62 stadium with Buck's Rock hockey sticks and pucks. There are dart games against a gigantic "Sam" picture on the door. Nobody can forget the striped and checkered curtains which supposedly match the exquisite interior of our bunks. Other attractions include BABU (Boys Annex Banana Union), mattresses and springs falling from upper berths water bombs, and "Magic Marker" murals. As you can see, there are other reasons for the annex's popularity besides its counselors.

JOEL PENSKY

~~"Food!"~~

## GIRL'S HOUSE

D

dawn is breaking and throughout the Girls House all is tranquil. Suddenly, sounds similar to the trampling of hoofs and screeching of cars are heard. Excitement rises and then ceases because it's just a group of vivacious girls ascending to the "John!" The bathroom is where gatherings are held and it is congested 99% of the day.

Troublesome as we are, our conscientious counselors, Judy, Liesel, Cora and Mimsi, do a laudable job of supervising us. Being typical teenagers, our conversation naturally leans to boys, clothes, and food. We are full of enthusiasm and we attend all activities (when possible and convenient).

Promptness at meal times is a practice acquired as a result of excessive hunger. Following evening entertainment we return to our bunks and proceed to find pajamas amidst the mess. The familiar call of the O.D. is then heard, "Wash up, dry up, and shut up!" Someone shouts, "Food!" and all thirty-five girls cram themselves into a two-bunk.

Come what may, the Girls House of 156 gets things accomplished. Our everlasting motto is, "Let the gong ring!"

LYDIA ORENS and DIANE STOLLER

"May I borrow..."

GIRLS' ANNEX



Why is it that the strongest, toughest and most athletic counselors were chosen to work in the Girls' Annex? Because the motto of the Girls' Annex is "Survival of the fittest!"

In case our motto puzzles you, let us describe some of the high spots in a typical day.

About five minutes after wake-up gong, we are gently awakened by our counselors, (Pauline and Sexy) with "Get up, lovelies!" As they continue to visit, they use different tactics each time: lights go on, then off; blankets are pulled off, then magically pulled up again; finally we stagger out of bed.

Crowds greet us when we try to enter the bathroom. Eye for eye, tooth for tooth we fight for a mirror, while others arrange a breakfast in bed. Afterwards we come back for clean-up (at least that's what it's called).

The rest of the morning passes uneventfully for most of us.

During the middle of the day, the Annex is pretty empty. Then around wash-up, the whole Annex comes to life.

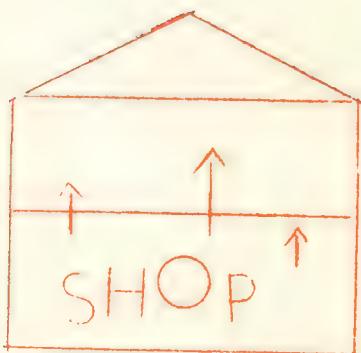
After showers, the girls come out either scorched or frozen. Choruses of "May I borrow...?" can be heard by anyone passing by the Annex. At last, ready for dinner, we troupe up to the Social Hall.

After the gong rings ending evening activities all hell reigns. In thirty-five minutes, we take off our dungarees with insistent prodding. Then, amazingly enough, in three minutes, we get washed, undressed, set our hair and get into bed. Of course we don't stay in bed! Some of us have banquets, others drop down (literally) for a visit, while still others write letters and read.

The Annex girls have survived another day at Buck's Rock.

JOAN SCHLOESSINGER  
MARILYN SEITMAN

"People live here?"

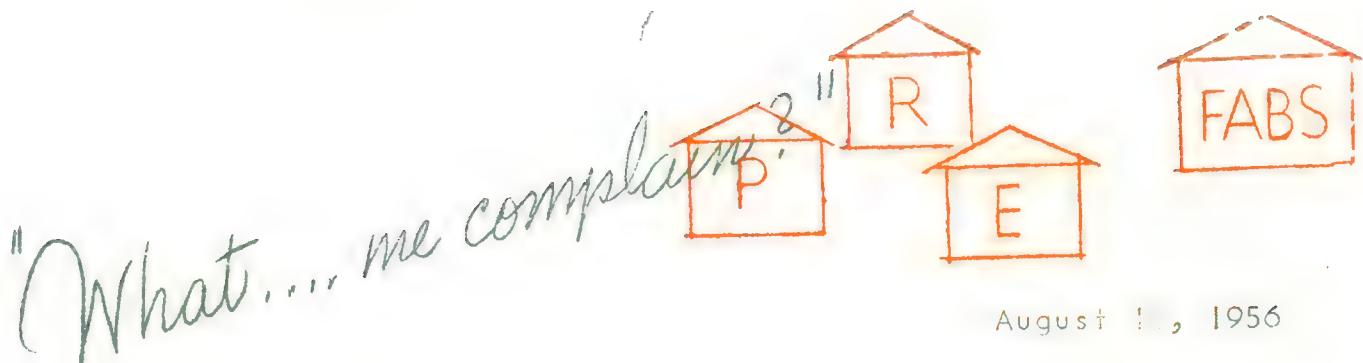


ap - you're a Shop boy! You will live in the area above the wood, metal-craft, art, photography, and ceramics shops, with seven other fifteen-year-old boys. You will have the convenience of the only two window fans in camp along with the inconvenience of bumping your head on the sloping ceiling. You can put the low ceiling to use by knocking your head against it when life gets boring. You will have many comforts: water when it rains, light as long as the fireflies hold out, and the cross-ventilation until they patch up the holes in the roof.

The age old problem of campers is counselors. However, the Shop boys seem to have very little trouble with handling and adjusting their counselors, Marty and Adele Weiss.

Should an O. D. enter one of the two stuffy, weirdly shaped rooms at night, he soon becomes part of the singing, joke-telling group. After a while, the boys fall asleep to the last weak strains of Oklahoma.

SELWYN COHEN, ELLA DOBKIN, & PAUL FRANK



August 1, 1956

Dear Mom and Dad,

My bunk is large, airy and spacious. It is very handsomely furnished.

All the boys are swell and they keep their things real neat. If only we had a bathroom we'd really be in business.

At night we gently rock ourselves to sleep in the cool comfort of our luxurious beds.

Our counselors take a motherly and fatherly interest in us. Good old Uncle Bob thought up some swell projects to keep us happy and busy. We've chopped trees, hauled logs and creosoted them and painted the big, green truck. One of our boys couldn't stand the strain and had to go home.

We went on a great overnight, the biggest out of camp, but we had to go to a concert, too. It was worth it, though, to get away from our counselors.

We're such a hard bunch to manage that Uncle Bob and Aunt Debbie had to call in two baby sitters with carrots in their ears.

There's a swell bunch of fellows working outside making us a new living room but we don't understand what all the counters and vegetables are for.

Some CIT took a picture of all of us the other day but it must have broken his camera, since we haven't seen the results.

Uncle Bob says he would like to have a little talk with you when you come up.

Please send money and food! Lots of food, because of Uncle Bob's food tax. He says no food unless you share it with the counselors.

Your loving son,  
Melvin

(Written by the Pre-Fab Boys)



## "Wake up, Jacob!"



If your day starts with the sound of this holler, you must live in the tent area. This group of structures, which seems to be on the "wrong side of the tracks" in Buck's Rock, houses the male CIT'S and some counselors. The tents have an advantage over the other buildings at camp in that they have built-in fans (when the wind blows) and doors on four sides. The people in this area are even more interesting than their lodgings. You can hear folk music, accordian playing, and Rock 'n Roll all at the same time. All these compensate for the wintery nights (when it is cold outside) and the constant fear of getting wet (when it rains), even though I haven't been dampened yet.

Remember, camper, when you become a CIT, you too will be in the tents!

LENNY DWORAKIN





# Turn out the light

After about two hours at camp, we discovered how easy it would be to live up to the name of our bunk, "Grand Central." Although we welcome visitors with a large Exit sign on the door, the response is sometimes overwhelming. They not only make it impossible for us to move but also for us to converse.

Our bunk boasts of all the modern conveniences: a hair drier with no hot air, two radios that can't play WQXR, a yellow light that keeps our half the bugs and all the light, toilet paper with no toilet, six unpaired pairs of white sneakers, and a tremendous mirror that is off angle no matter how you look at it. Therefore, for the mirror, we have a cushioned stool which would be just the right height without the pile of clothes, newspapers, and stuffed animals on top of it.

Determined to augment our intellectual capacity, we adhere to the mirror three words a day from You Too Can Win a Scholarship.

When Dutch asks us to turn out our yellow light, we immediately switch on our huge white spotlight, which is ten times brighter. As soon as we have been lulled almost to sleep by Mendelsohn's Violin Concerto, someone has to get up and turn off our un-automatic record player. Every night we do an average of six things at once: one of us, hunched in the darkest corner of her bed, mysteriously writes in her diary; another sits Indian fashion on the top of her double-decker bed, a clipboard and pencil in one hand, a book by a Russian author in the other, and a dictionary at her side, with a perplexed look underneath her specs; one trying to sleep in a leather jacket with a rubber foam pillow over her head and her pony tail sticking out; two of us enthusiastically discussing politics while setting hair and folding leotards; and the last practicing the guitar with hill billy music on the radio and ~~Banjo~~ Choral Folk songs on the victrola.

At various intervals during the day we are called to rehearsals for the dance, the CIT play and chorus, the Festival play, evening activity, folk singing, and Katz's chorus. Sometimes all these rehearsals fall at the same time. This is one of those times.

# WE ARE CIT'S

That means we are a little older than the oldest campers, we know a little more about a certain area than many of the campers, and we have chosen to spend our summer working in that particular field. We have O.D., serving, and snack duties. Some of us live in tents.

We work at our chosen jobs, doing the hard work, learning responsibility, and practicing teaching. We are proud when we can show a camper something he does not know, and we glow inside when we receive his respect. We spend some of our time doing the work no one else wants.

But there is more to our lives as CIT's than these responsibilities. At night comes the highlight of the day, the long awaited CIT snack. Shouting, laughing, and singing, we all attach ourselves somewhere on, in, or around the pick-up and drive to the brightly lit tennis courts. After hopeful queries of "Chicken?" and the usual replies of "Salami," we settle down to singing and chatting as we roast marshmallows over our private campfire. At this point we amusedly watch some of the group disappear, hesitantly to O.D., furtively to the Social Hall, or sheepishly to bed.

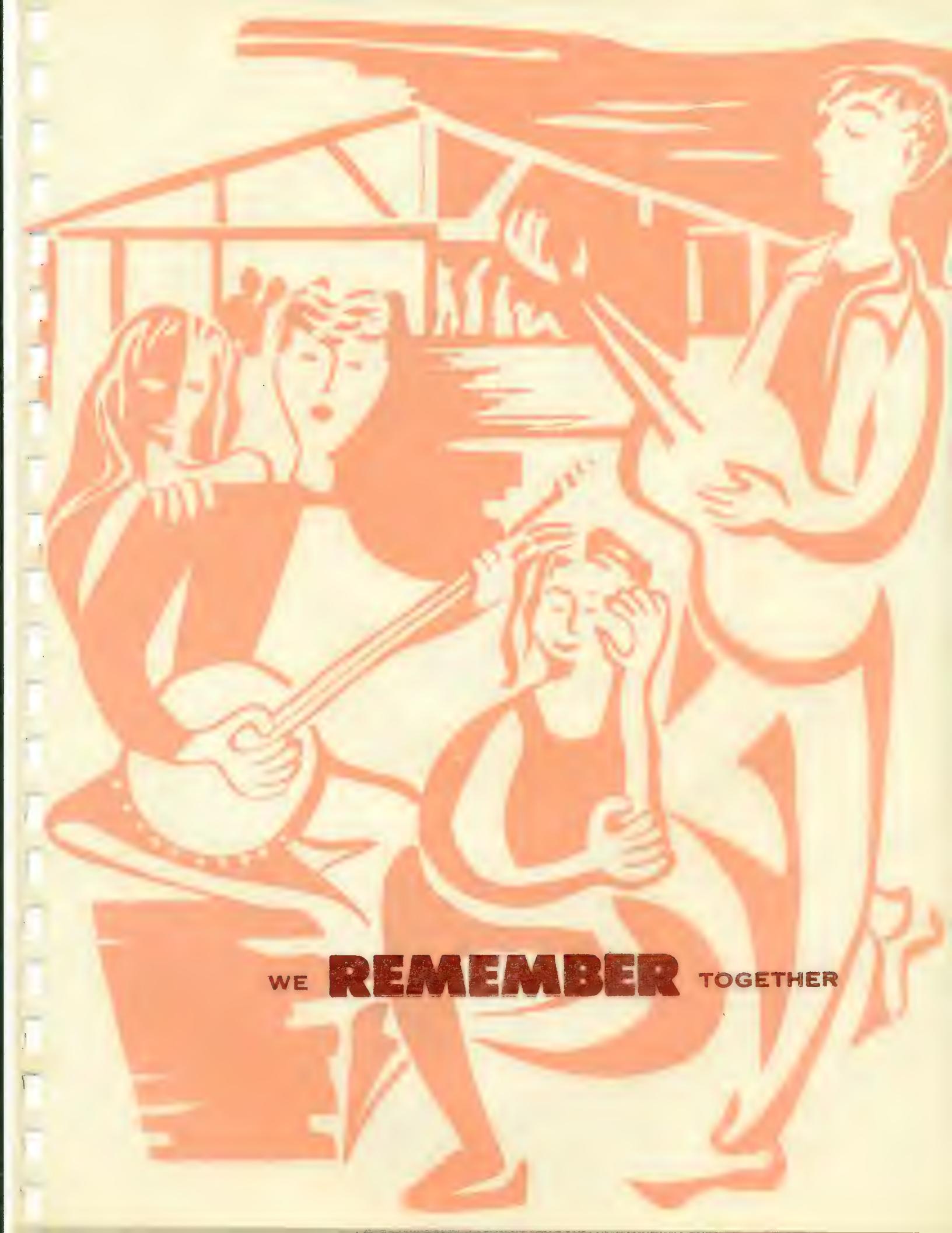
Once we had a hayride after our snack. Squeezed in with thirty-eight others on the blue truck, we each sang happily to the landscape and blocked each other from the cold wind. And one evening we took our guitars, and singing gentle melodies, we serenaded the campers to sleep. We felt very proud when sleepy voices asked for more. Well, we gave it to them the next morning. A truckload of wildly singing CIT's was driven wildly to each house as a wild form of wake-up. From the glares and comments we received at a crowded first breakfast, we decided that the venture was successful. In other CIT activities, we have taught each other. Dancers have learned riflery, fencers have constructed, and thespians have printed. Every CIT took part in the production of our play.

The life of a CIT has its rough spots too. We usually don't mind serving or O.D. duty, but it is sometimes rather trying. Serving gets monotonous after twenty meals or so. Serving snack is an abrupt change after the luxury of having it brought to you. And when on O.D., it is a great temptation to accept the proffered bribes and go to bed.

The best part of being a CIT, and the hardest part to put down in words, is not unique to this group, but includes the entire camp. This is the deeply felt friendships that have grown up with the counselors who help us, the campers whom we help, and the other CIT's with whom we work and spend our time. The close comradeship in this group is felt by everyone as we work on the projects and join in the fun planned for us by Dutch. In our big happy family of CIT's, with Dutch a sister to all of us, we feel we can handle any problem or difficulty that arises and have the most wonderful summer of our lives.



There are many things to remember about this summer at Buck's Rock. But most vividly remembered are the people with whom we did our work and had our fun. The experiences, both scheduled and unplanned, that we shared with our fellow campers, the CIT's, and the counselors, were all a part of a very special summer. These are the incidents we want to recall and the people we want to remember and see during the winter.

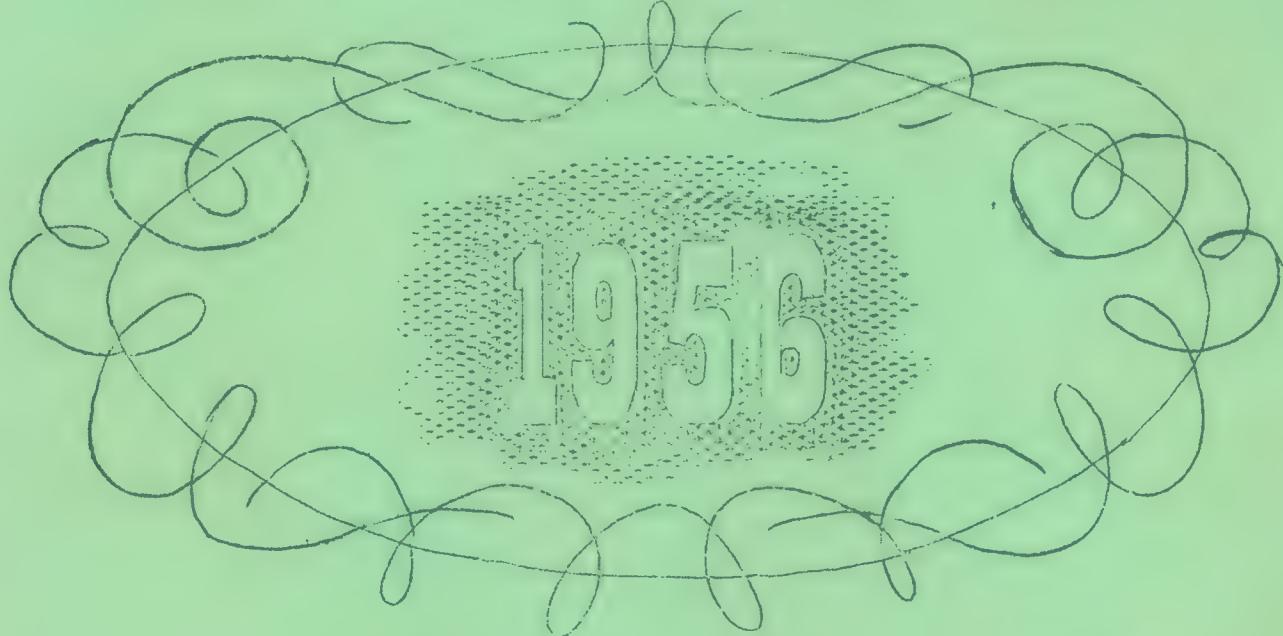


WE **REMEMBER** TOGETHER

YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND THE

# BUCK'S ROCK

BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP NEW MILFORD, CONN.



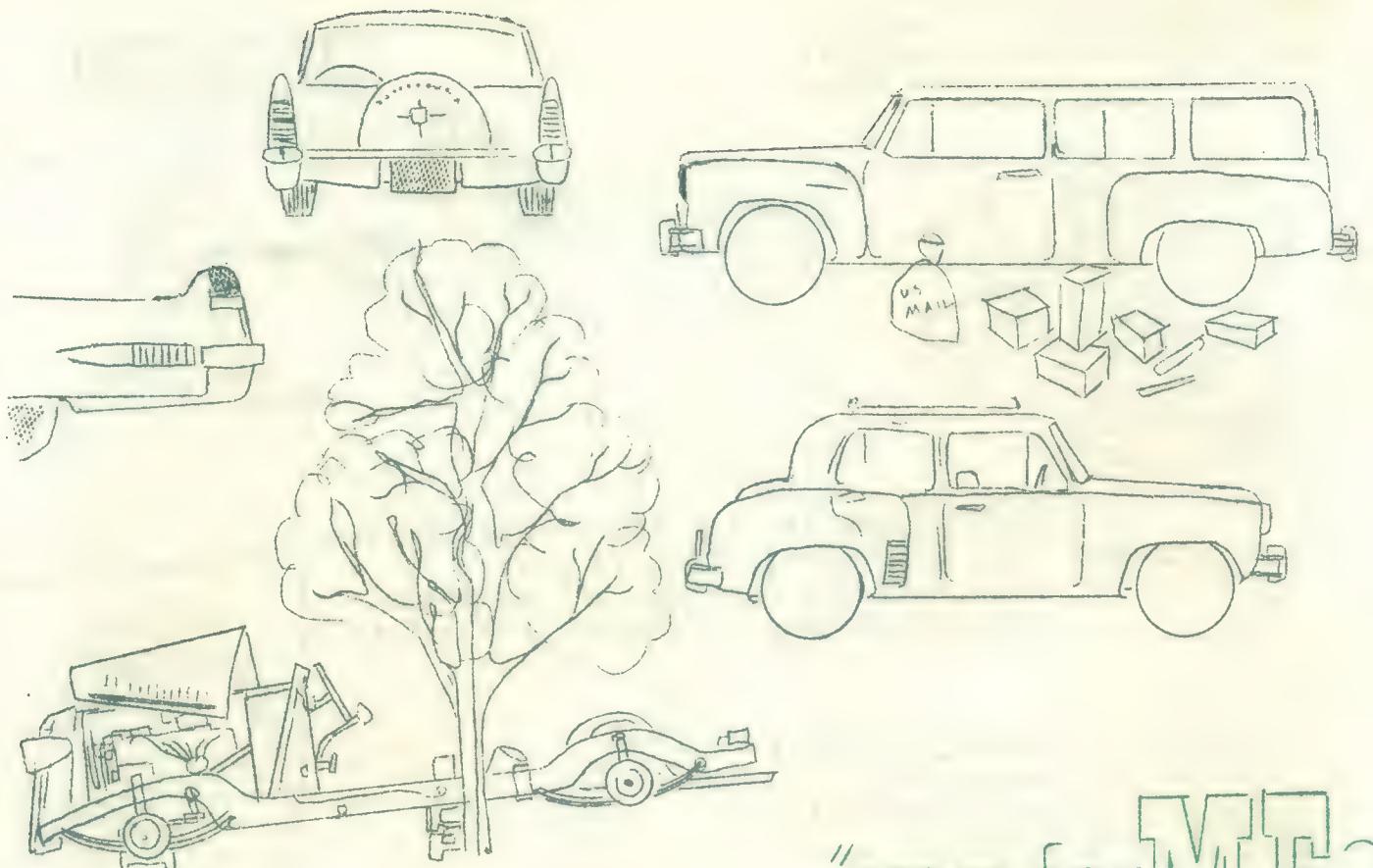
FARM DISPLAY AND SELLING . SHOP EXHIBIT AND SALE OF PRODUCTS

## ANNUAL FESTIVAL

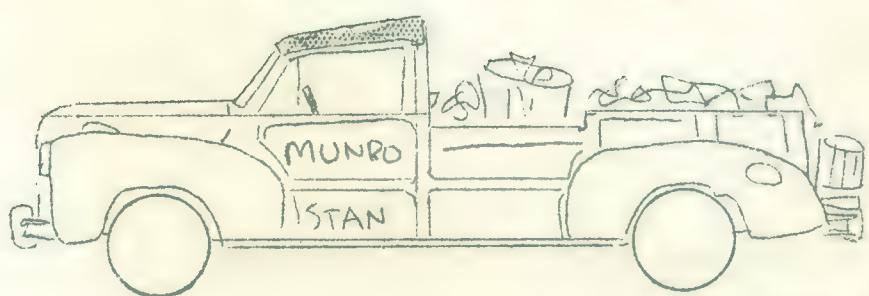
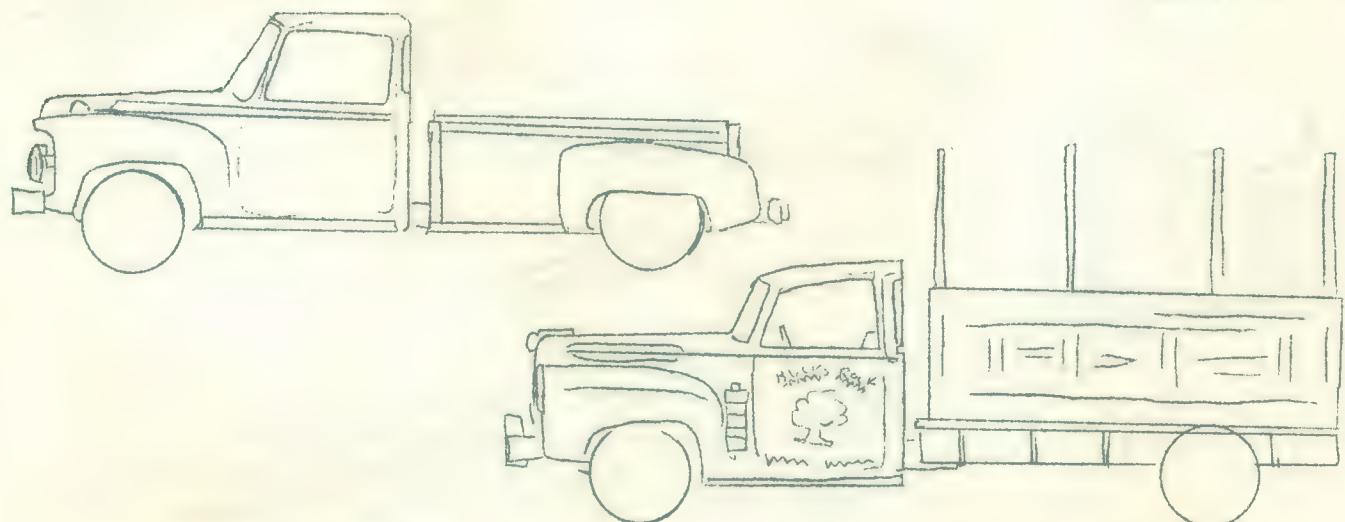
ON SATURDAY AUGUST 25TH 1956 FROM NOON UNTIL 11:00 P.M.

SUPPER WILL BE SERVED TO ALL OUR GUESTS FROM 5:30 - 7

PERFORMANCES BY OUR ORCHESTRA, CHORUS, FOLKSINGERS  
A DANCE RECITAL, SQUARE DANCE DEMONSTRATION, FENCING EXHIBITION  
A PLAY BY THE BUCK'S ROCK DRAMA GROUP AT THE STAGE AT 8:30 P.M.



"room for **ME**?"



DRAWINGS BY WINNIE WINSTON

**ADDIE BERGEN'S** packages  
are familiar to our eyes ..  
she fills our orders quickly  
could it be that ADDIE files?



**LIBBY AND ANNA**  
are busy all day  
working to keep  
that loud groaning away



**MARCI**A who sits in the office all day  
has very little time to play  
for messages from dad and aunt sue  
she deserves many thanks from you...

for those overdrawn accounts  
results of a money spree  
a banker and an accountant  
**SHIRLEY** has to be...



**DORIS** sometimes makes us fret  
by telling us that we're in debt  
but think of when we withdraw our money  
what patience... isn't she a honey...

DRAWINGS BY SHEILA WHITE

POEMS ON THESE TWO PAGES BY JONATHAN MARKS AND SUE SEIDEMAN

we owe our thanks to [NOAH, (DR. BARYSH)]  
he didn't build an ark  
but he did help us out  
when we talked with a bark



thanks to [PETE] THE COOK  
and [AL] THE BAKER  
and to HANDY JOE  
the repair maker



a big, big vote of

# THANKS to

[JOAN AND JOYCE] who serve till eve  
fill the tray of each Bobbi and Steve  
they never get any applause  
just AW's



AND IF THERE ARE ANY PEOPLE WE DIDN'T MENTION  
THIS CERTAINLY WAS NOT OUR INTENTION



[MUNRO] and his garbage  
are really good pals  
he collects it as willingly  
as he collects gals

thanks to [STAN]  
who takes our garbage away  
If he didn't  
what an unpleasant day

Contact with Czechoslovakia

Our "permanent stiffs" and Ernie's translation from French to German in the Lampoon Issue.

The telephone calls in the middle of the movies.



A camper's remark at one of the forums, "If it weren't for the people who shoveled cow flop, we would starve to death."

Our "Kelly" crew.

When Les made first breakfast because of the CIT wake-up band.

The selling of french fried kappleate during the "Purge".

The SPPC, CIO, WOW, AFTO, BRAT, BABU, and all the other guilds, clubs, unions, fraternities, enterprises, cliques, and organizations.

The Klopstokian Love Song

Hank Berg's portrayal of Pete Garofalo in the search for the best Buck's Rock camper (Farfel),





The morning when Bob, Debbie, and the Prefabs raised the flag in full dress instead of raising the roof in pajamas.

When the pig refused to give birth to her eight little piglets.

The day we made contact with England.

The poetic feud over the stapler between the Print Shop and the DO YOU DRAMA Department.

REMEMBER?

Dr. Freud.

When the CIO built the Print Shop Annex and the Selling Stand in record breaking time.

The Dairy Tomahawks

Our "Sam" contest without the "Sam" box.



Lucifer X. Cabbage

The waterfront is closed.  
Do not cross dam. Do not collect insurance.

Our Buck's Rock Civil War Marching Band.

The long list of overdrawn accounts that Ernie read at meal time.

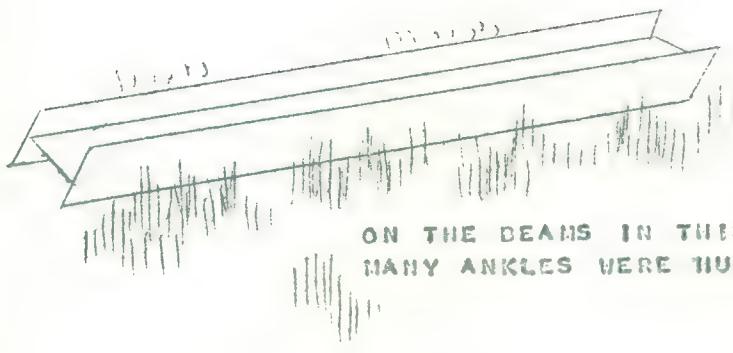
When "Munro & Stan" was repainted.



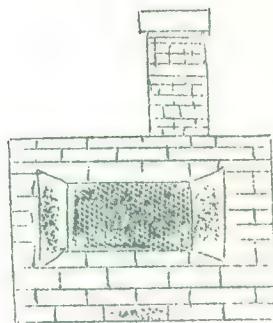
Being awakened by a car horn because the hammer for the gong was lost.

Losing a New Milford baseball game even though we hit nine runs in the last inning.

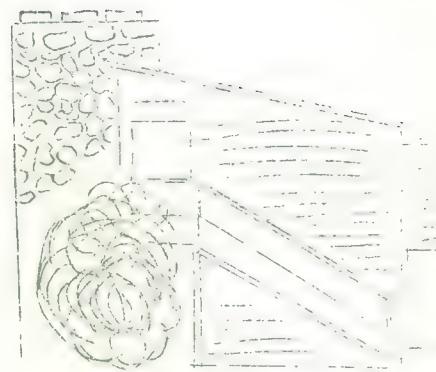
by Joel Pensky and Pete Nossal,  
assisted by Carol Kaufman and Jonathan Marks



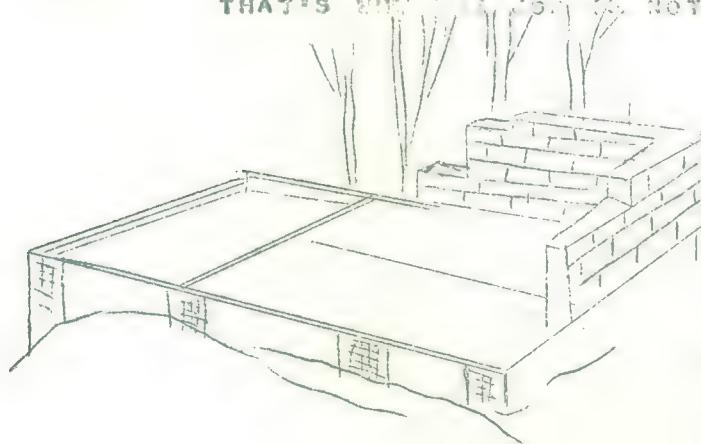
ON THE BEAMS IN THIS DIRT  
MANY ANKLES WERE HURT



WHEN THE INCINERATOR'S MORE FULL  
THE ODOR IS AWFUL

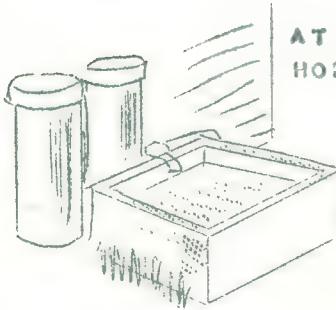


HERE IS WHERE THE BOYS HAVE FUN  
WHERE ARGUMENTS ARE LOST AND WON

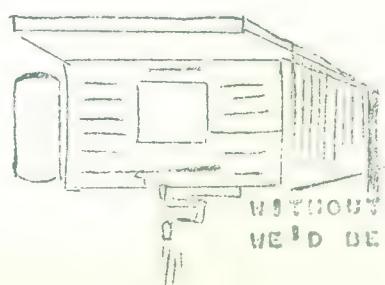
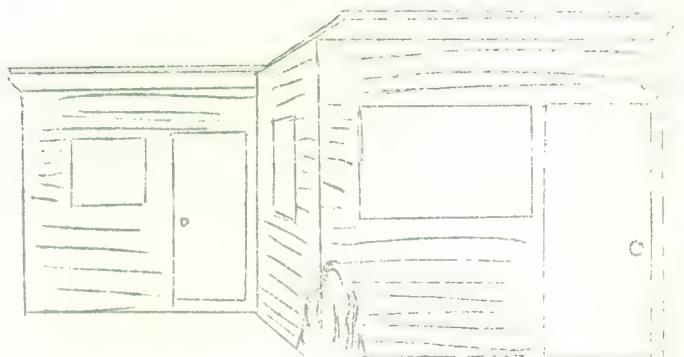


CONCRETE SLOWS DOWN A TON  
THAT'S NICE BUT IT IS NOT YET DONE

HERE A LOT OF WORK IS DONE  
A LOT OF SINGING A LOT OF FUN



AT THE SIDE OF THE LAD  
HORSES DRINK AND GAD



WITHOUT WATER  
WE'D BE IN DISORDER

HERE WE LISTEN TO MUSIC RECORDED  
WITH THIS NEW SPEAKER NOTHING'S DISTORTED

WHILE WE'RE ON LINE STARVED  
THE MEAT IS BEING CARVED

ON THESE DOWELS  
WE HANG OUR TOWELS

HERE WE EAT  
AND MEET

can you place it?

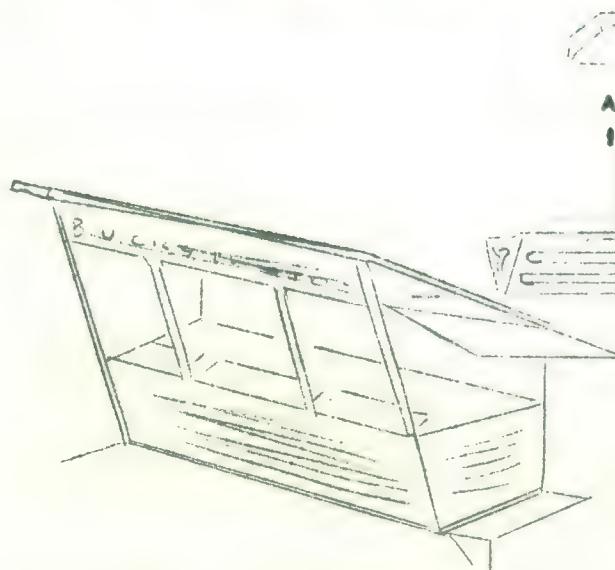
POEMS BY JONATHAN MARKS • DRAWINGS BY WINNIE WINSTON

AMONG THE NEWEST DUCK'S ROCK TRENDS.  
IN THE FLUORESCENT LIGHT A NEST OF  
FEATHERED FRIENDS



LEATHER IS CUT SEWED AND TIED  
IN THE SHOP UNDER THE AWNING OUTSIDE

AT THE NEW SELLING STAND  
WE SELL CERAMICS AND....



PUT YOURSELVES UNDER THE TABLE AND THE CHAIRS ON TOP.



# To be read with great emotion...

To be read with animation:

Are you an expert Buck-passor? Try passing bricks instead! See the leaning tower of Geist. What holds it up? It defies gravity. Observe the ever-growing walls. What makes them grow? Do they eat Buck's Rock spinach? Learn the amazing new formula for mortar, with the miracle ingredient BO-43. Learn to mix mortar under the tutelage of dapper, dynamic, Dave Dobkin. See Pete Cohen snap his 40 foot bull-whip! See the beautiful girls pass on their way to the Print Shop! Learn to make the level bubble appear. Learn the answer to the \$64,000 question, "Will the new Wood Shop be completed this year?" Watch for new practical jokes that you can pull on your favorite counselor.

COME ONE COME ALL  
Try out for one of the coveted positions on the  
CONSTRUCTION CREW

Participate in production  
on the Animal Farm.  
Come and See 2495!

TO ALL AND SUNDAY  
WHO HAVE TAKEN OTHERS AND MY  
LUNDARY:

A VERY SAD FATE  
AWAITS THOSE WHO MISAPPROPRIATE,  
FOR THEY WILL SURELY FIND  
THAT WHAT WON'T FIT IN FRONT  
WILL NEVER FIT BEHIND!

Girls from the Upstairs  
Girls' House, RETURN after  
second breakfast  
(and will you catch it!!)

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO THE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS FROM THE PRINT SHOP WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO BE PASSING BY THE CONSTRUCTION CREW PROJECT? WHY ARE THEY NO LONGER PASSING BY? DID THEY STOP AT THE CONSTRUCTION CREW? THE BUCK'S ROCK SECRET INVESTIGATING SERVICE, HEADED BY MR. I. KATCHEM, HAS FOUND THE TRUE ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS. THEY ALL SWITCHED TO THE VEGETABLE FARM. WHY DON'T YOU?

Dear Moral Print Shop,

We are reasonably moral girls and could not bear living in sin with the abduction of the 1954 Yearbook on our consciences. We have therefore violated the criminal code and are returning the Yearbooks.

With apologies, THE CULPRITS

Are you a litter-bug?

Do you spend sleepless nights throwing papers on the ground?

Have you ever entered the Buck's Rock Tournament to see who can throw trash and miss the basket every time?

For those of you who are able to answer YES to these questions, we extend our thanks for making our job possible, for we are the SINGING SANITATION SISTERS.

As our working day comes to a close, we can release the long-awaited news that the most widely chewed gum in camp is JUICY FRUIT with GRAPE running a close second, and DENTYNE bringing up the rear.

WE ARE WORKING OUR WAY FROM THE GROUND UP!

Affectionately,  
The Pick-up Girls

ALL those interested in golf meet at the Buck's Rock Country Club. (Here's your chance to learn how to become President.)

THERE WILL BE NO SWIMMING CLASSES TODAY - THE "OLD MASTER" IS TIRED AND IS TAKING A DAY OFF! SO YOU MAY SAVE YOUR OWN LIVES TODAY! GOOD LUCK.

AND NOW, O GREAT JOY, ANOTHER POEM  
(to be read with faith, hope, and charity)

Good noon, good fellows, good noon, young women -  
Although 'tis a lovely day to go swimmin',  
The Print Shop, (that most friendly institution)  
Has for "What shall I do" another solution:  
This afternoon, with great elation,  
We shall have the Print Shop Annex dedication!  
The gong shall sound when second lunch ends,  
So that all may see--all--enemies and friends-  
Our great (though slightly crooked) bungalow,  
Constructed by the brawn of the CIO.  
To admire our gracefully bowing roof  
We hope even Farfel will force out an excited woof.  
We know that you will say "Charge!" and "Bully!"  
When you see our magnificent shutter pulley.  
And so after second, we want you all to come alive,  
When you hear Dave Katz and his Feline Five.  
So come, each lady, and come, each manex  
Today, after second, to the magnificent dedica-  
tion of the beautifully equipped and dec-  
orated Print and Publications Shop Annex.

To be read in an ominous voice:

Will all members of the female sex please yell, "Female" when approaching the Boys' Annex. If not, they will suffer the consequences!!

- THE INDIGNANT SHOWER TAKERS.

BERMUDAS AND KNEE SOX,  
OH, WHAT A SIGHT -  
WITHOUT THEM ERIC  
JUST WOULDN'T BE RIGHT.



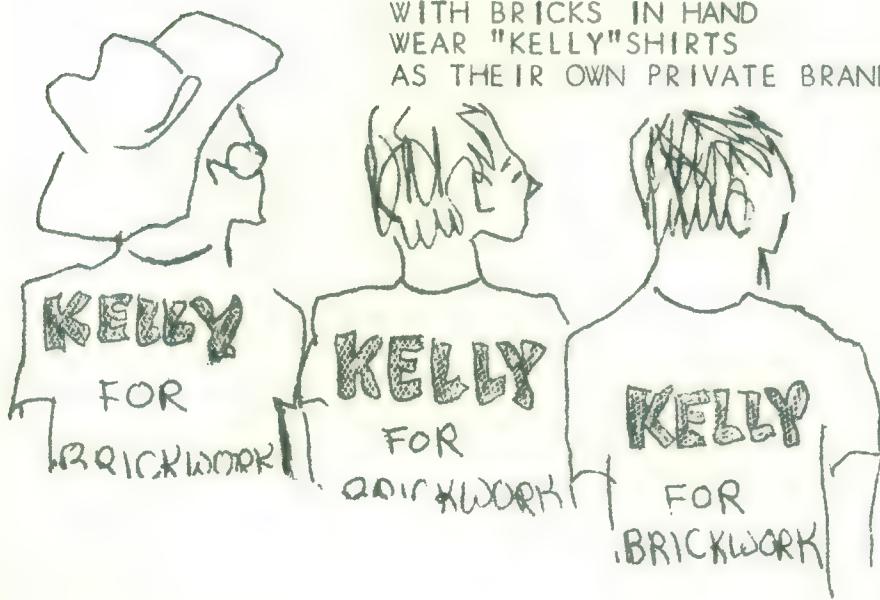
ONLY A FUZZ  
IS BEGINNING TO SHOW  
BUT ANDY'S PATIENT -  
A BEARD WILL GROW.



A WHISTLE, A WHISTLE  
BELONGS TO BOB SACKS,  
WHEN HE TAKES A TRIP  
THAT'S ALL THAT HE PACKS.



THE CONSTRUCTION CREW  
WITH BRICKS IN HAND  
WEAR "KELLY" SHIRTS  
AS THEIR OWN PRIVATE BRAND.



WHO ARE THOSE CREATURES  
WITH THE LONG UNDERWEAR  
WHO 'NSIST ON BRAIDING  
THEIR LONG FLOWING HAIR?



THE CHESS PLAYERS,  
AN INTELLECTUAL SET  
PROVE THAT A CHALLENGE  
CAN ALWAYS BE MET.

"...and are they **CHARACTERS!**

ANNA OUR NURSE  
RIDES A BIKE  
TO AVOID THE STRAIN  
OF A TIRING HIKE.



# W

*Why don't we just leave him?*

we leave	ERNST BULOVA
we leave	ILSE BULOVA
we leave	JESSE ADLER
we leave	DORIS ADLER
we leave	HARRY ALLAN
we leave	SARA ALLAN
we leave	ANDREW ALPERN
we leave	OLIVIA RIDDEL ALPI
we leave	DAVE ANTON
we leave	ANNA ANTON
we leave	RED BARDEN
we leave	DR. NOAH BARYSH
we leave	BOB BENSON
we leave	HANK BERG
we leave	LLOYD BERGEN
we leave	ADELAIDE BERGEN
we leave	MATTY BERGEN
we leave	ALAN BLANK
we leave	STEVE BULOVA
we leave	LESLIE CHARLOW
we leave	PETER COHEN
we leave	CORA DIAMOND
we leave	DAVE DOBKIN
we leave	ERIC EISENKRAM
we leave	JOAN ESANU
we leave	SHIRLEY ESANU
we leave	PETER EUBEN
we leave	JOHN GEIST
we leave	STEVE GOLDSTEIN
we leave	STAN GOTTLIEB
we leave	MARTHA GREENBAUM
we leave	DAVE KATZ
we leave	JEANNE KATZ
we leave	JOYCE KIRSHBAUM
we leave	BARRY KORNFELD
we leave	JUDY KOSHETZ
we leave	ART LAUFER
we leave	MARCIA LEVY
we leave	DICK LEVY
we leave	BERNIE LEIF
we leave	DUTCH MAYER
we leave	JOAN O'ROURKE
we leave	LIESEL PANTKE
we leave	PAULINE PETERSON
we leave	ALVIN PINE
we leave	JERRY POLLON
we leave	MIMSI PRICE
we leave	MUNRO ROSS

Susie Popocatapetl  
climbing sunflowers  
a Dairy Queen  
cha-a-a-a-arging  
stock in a pottery wheel mine  
In hibernating  
Delilah  
an automatic fly-swatter  
a full, miserable tool closet  
in a musical chamber  
rriding down the RR10 Grande &  
a floody, floody  
two more years  
a scazafranic fravastan  
a fourth co-chairman  
a green station wagon of her own  
a second hole  
Simonized  
a boysoned arrow for sale  
a good woman  
fewer counselors to take care of  
reading an Aria  
dapper and dynamic  
baked  
a Universal Food Chopper  
making book  
a prefabricated French fry  
the leaning tower of Buck's Rock  
a Sam box  
more rainy days  
a New Milford boy  
done wid be troubles ob de charus  
an M&M  
a prompt CIT  
Acres of Crabs  
throwing a Girls House girl on  
the wheel  
a jolly good cello  
a pool in the office  
a well-Serviced machine  
a reincarnated Lucifer X.  
a CIT she can look down on  
a surprise surprise party  
fiddling around in Anna's chamber  
seconds  
Alvin's Rules of Order  
a Pollenaise  
mmmmmmmmmmmmmm  
dumped

we leave BOB SACKS  
we leave DEBBIE SACKS  
we leave TONY SALETAN  
we leave STEVE SILVER  
we leave JACK SONNENBERG  
we leave PHOEBE SONNENBERG  
we leave JERRY STOLLER

we leave ANNA SURASKY  
we leave PAT TRISCHMAN  
we leave DAN URTNOWSKI  
we leave ELSA WALBERG  
we leave JON WALLACH  
we leave STAN WEISENBERG  
we leave AL WEISMAN  
we leave MARTIN WEISS  
we leave ADELE WEISS  
we leave DAN WILE  
we leave SUSI WILLNER  
we leave JULIA WINSTON  
we leave PETER YAMIN

we leave DAVID ALLAN  
we leave BEN APFELBAUM  
we leave ARTHUR BIAWITZ  
we leave BOB BLANK  
we leave LINDA BRENNER  
we leave JEFF CHAMBERS  
we leave MIKE CHERNUCHIN  
we leave LAURIE COHEN(female)proving it  
we leave SELWYN COHEN  
we leave LEN DWORKIN  
we leave AL EPSTEIN  
we leave ELLEN GOLDFIELD  
we leave ELAN GOLOMB  
we leave JOHN HACK  
we leave HEDY HARRIS  
we leave JANE HIMBER  
we leave STEVE HELLER  
we leave CAROL HOFFMAN  
we leave CAROL HOPPENFELD  
we leave JON KONHEIM  
we leave MARTIN LACHMAN  
we leave ELIZABETH LAUTER  
we leave DAVID LAW  
we leave ELIOT LERMAN  
we leave STAN LIEBOWITZ  
we leave JUDY LOBER  
we leave BARBARA MILLER  
we leave ANN MORRISON  
we leave JERRY RINDLER  
we leave RICHARD ROSENOW  
we leave BARBARA ROSS  
we leave PETER STOCKMAN  
we leave RICHARD TRAUM  
we leave OLLIE WEIL  
we leave JUDY WEISS  
we leave ELLY WILE  
we leave WINNIE WINSTON  
we leave STUART WURTZEL  
we leave BERNARD ZUCKER

a right-side-up board  
dancing in the dark  
many happy returns  
a sophomore varsity  
a seven year etch  
a leakless spray gun  
a forum on "Politics and Chess: Are They  
Compatible?"

pedalpushers  
a guaranteed pregnant cow  
a dissected bull's-eye  
challenged by Vergil  
building a lily pad  
a greyhound  
WCBS  
a Morse gong  
an explanation for "Measure for Measure"  
talking Candidely  
a screen test  
a two years' supply of masking tape  
firing hi

-----  
an unfloodable darkroom  
a bunch of BRATS  
a friendly paper cutter  
strumming a lullaby in Birdland  
screening at the top of her lungs  
an all-American girl  
up a tree  
proving it  
curses! ----- again  
a Doberman pinscher  
floating in his dam  
a different program for every day  
faces silkscreened on her guitar  
an explanation for everything  
a lifetime  
a grandchild of her own  
a bat out of het New Milford  
big enough to cover BR by herself  
foiled by her own racket  
a secretary to tell him how handsome he is  
Melvin  
letting her hair down  
a universal vegetable  
a Benson burner  
a Bikini  
will-ingly committed  
spraying her ankle  
standing at the selling stand watching..  
forms  
the old Mill stream  
having a kitten (when she reads the will)  
a one-way ticket to the Print Shop  
a university  
mixing slip-sheets  
a polished pine  
a name arter all  
otherwise employed  
\$250,000 on the condition.....  
shooting

# "together..."

Buck's Rock is a wonderful place  
and I'm glad i came.

I can't really say what is the most important lesson Buck's Rock has to teach. I think though, that for me it has meant finding out who I am in this world. If not finding out what I'm here for, at least beginning to discover what I want to be here for.

I have made discoveries about myself and about other people so that I can better see where I stand, I can better judge where I go from here. I hope, and I believe, that I am somewhat less an immature dependent child than when I came here. I have made some friends who are looking for the same things I am, and we hope to look for these things together.

This, I think, is the basic reason I am grateful to Buck's Rock.

NAOMI ADELMAN

**M**ale entering...



**A** MICHAEL AGRANOFF  
ANDREW ALLAND  
MARK ANTON

48 Maplewood Ave. West Hartford, Conn. AD 2 5261  
11 Dorset Road Great Neck, NY GR 2 4727  
1339 Boynton Ave. Bronx 72 TI 2 6958

**B** MARK BASKIR  
ROBERT BERGEN

1620 Avenue I Bklyn. 30 NA 8 6363  
195 Harvard Ave. Rockville Centre, NY RO 4 2065

**C** CHARLES CANTOR  
ALAN CHARTOCK  
FREDERIC CHERNER  
STEVEN CHERNER  
LAURENCE COHEN

90 Piccadilly Downs Lynbrook, NY LY 3 7778  
50 W. 96th St. Man. 25 RI 9 4490  
99-45 67th Road Forest Hills, NY IL 9 8356  
99-45 67th Road Forest Hills, NY IL 9 8356  
70 Greenacres Ave. Scarsdale, NY SC 3 7789

**D** RONALD DANZIG  
RICHARD DAYNARD  
NICK DELBANCO  
DAVID DORSKY  
JOHN DREHER  
ROY DUBOFF

553 Manor Ridge Road Pelham, NY PE 8 3739  
55 Central Park West Man. 23 LY 5 7271  
75 Lookout Circle Larchmont, NY TE 4 4790  
38 Old Pond Road Great Neck, NY GR 2 2576  
57 Moran Place New Rochelle, NY NE 2 8728  
137-14 Francis Lewis Blvd. Laurelton, NY LA 8 8448

**E** BILLY EINHORN  
MICHAEL EISENBERG  
WARREN ESANU

417 E. 38th St. Paterson, NJ DA 5 1156  
1680 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. 30 CL 2 1091  
43-34 Union St. Flushing, NY FL 8 6519

F ROBERT FABER  
ROBERT FELL  
STEVEN FIGLER  
PAUL FRANK  
DANIEL FUCHS

138-31 234th St. Laurelton, NY  
515 R. S. Blvd. Long Beach, NY  
208 Angler Ave. Palm Beach, Fla.  
17 Ritchie Drive Yonkers, NY  
81-43 192nd St. Jamaica 23, NY

LA 5 5887  
GE 2 4660  
VI 4 0560  
YO 3 6128  
HO 8 1050

G PETER GAGE  
MARTIN GANZGLASS  
HARMON GARFINKEL  
ETHAN GETO  
JEFFREY GILBERT  
STEVEN GOLDMARK  
HENRY GOLDSTEIN  
JEFFREY GROSSMAN  
JOHN GRUEN

78-II Main St. Flushing, NY  
2825 Webb Ave. Bronx 68  
92 Virginia Ave. Freeport, NY  
940 Grand Concourse Bronx 52  
345 E. 58th St. Man. 22  
8 Oak Drive Great Neck, NY  
183 E. Devonia Ave. Mount Vernon, NY  
77 Hanson Place Malverne, NY  
4561 Fieldston Road Bronx 71

AX 7 0746  
KI 3 4406  
FR 9 1585  
JE 8 7211  
PL 3 1125  
HU 2 8618  
MO 7 7781  
LY 9 5912  
KI 3 5373

H ALAN HACK  
JIMMY HARRIS  
BROOK HART  
CHARLES HOLLANDER

85 Strong St. Bronx 68  
15 South Drive Larchmont, NY  
306 Melbourne Road Great Neck, NY  
2780 University Ave. Bronx 68

KI 6 3058  
TE 4 5569  
HU 2 6357  
KI 3 8070

I RAYMOND INGRAM

66 Woodbrook Road White Plains, NY

WH 9 5742

J STEVEN JAFFE  
ANDREW JAMPOLI

976 E. 23rd St. Bklyn. 10  
67-75 152nd St. Kew Gardens, NY

CL 2 5236  
LI 4 6631

K STEVEN KAGLE  
HOWARD KARGER  
DANIEL KIRSCH  
JOEL KLAUSNER  
ROBERT KLEIN  
BERT KLEINMAN  
RICHARD KOHN  
CHARLES KOGHEZ  
STANLEY KOTLER  
STEPHEN KURTZER

287 St. John's Ave. Yonkers, NY  
70 Fayette Road Scarsdale, NY  
429 Heath Place Hackensack, NJ  
110-35 58th Ave. Forest Hills  
75 Central Park West Man. 23  
67-84 Groton St. Forest Hills, NY  
1225 Park Ave. Man. 28  
387 E. 4th St. Bklyn. 18  
250 W. 94th St. Man. 25  
611 W. 239th St. Bronx 63

YO 5 756-  
SC 5 0215  
HU 7 3337  
LI 4 4792  
TR 7 1810  
BO 8 4251  
SA 2 6153  
GE 6 8431  
MO 2 7892  
KI 8 3160

L DAN LANDER

85 Birchall Drive Scarsdale, NY

SC 3 7793

**L** RICHARD LEE  
STANLEY LEVINE  
ARTHUR LEVI  
STEPHEN LIPPMAN  
STEVEN LIPSON  
DAVID LUBELL

192 Lincoln Place Tuckahoe 7, NY  
13 Stokes Road Yonkers, NY  
205 Melbourne Road Great Neck, NY  
343 E. 35th St. Paterson, NJ  
800 Grand Concourse Bronx 51  
Mt. Airy Rd. Croton-on Hudson, NY

WO 1 8647  
SP 9 1347  
GR 2 3760  
LA 3 7096  
MO 5 0091  
CR 1 3432

**M** JEFFREY MANN  
JONATHAN MARKS  
ROBERT MARTIN  
JIMMY McBRIDE

780 West End Ave. Man. 25  
117-16 Park Lane South Kew Gardens, NY  
28 Shadetree Lane Roslyn Heights, NY  
230 Riverside Drive Man. 25

RI 9 1373  
BO 1 6819  
RO 3 4621  
MO 2 9313

**N** DANIEL NATCHEZ  
STEPHEN NEWMAN  
KENNETH NEW ROCK  
PETER NOSSAL

617 The Parkway Mamaroneck, NY  
98 Atkinson Road Rockville Centre, NY  
136 Berry St. Valley Stream, NY  
982 E. 23rd St. Bklyn. 10

MA 9 0479  
RO 4 4336  
TI 4 8699  
ES 7 6405

**P** JONATHAN PAULSON  
JOEL PENSKY  
DANIEL PERL  
HERBERT PIANIN  
DAVID PINES  
DANNY PORESKY

14 Anchor Drive Rye, NY  
2167 81st St. Bklyn. 14  
6439 98th St. Forest Hills, NY  
89 Coventry Gardens Lynbrook, NY  
1595 Unionport Road Bronx 62  
2615 Washington St. Allentown, Pa..

MA 9 1460  
BE 6 1100  
TW 6 1915  
LY 3 9054  
TA 2 0957  
HE 2 8493

**R** TOBY ROBISON  
JEFFREY REITER  
ROBERT ROSENBUCH  
JONAS ROSENFIELD  
MARK ROSENHAFT  
PETER ROSENOW  
MICHAEL ROSS  
PETER ROSS  
RICHARD ROSS

142 Rocklyn Ave. Lynbrook, NY  
720 Rt. Washington Ave. Man. 40  
3720 Bedford Ave. Bklyn. 29  
28 Magnolia Lane Roslyn Heights, NY  
277 Eastern Parkway Bklyn. 38  
2641 Marion Ave. Bronx 58  
Searingtown Road Roslyn, NY  
Searingtown Road Roslyn, NY  
5 The Tulips Roslyn Estates, NY

LY 9 2086  
WA 3 3571  
NA 8 4237  
RO 3 1989  
NE 8 9740  
FO 5 8885  
RO 3 5226  
RO 3 5226  
RO 3 2157

**S** ALAN SALTZMAN  
FRED SCHLOESSINGER  
IRA SIEGEL  
STANLEY SIEGEL  
ALAN SNYDER  
WILLIAM SOHN

67-64 Austin St. Forest Hills, NY  
54 Beverly Road Great Neck, NY  
1002 E. 8th St. Bklyn. 30  
2121 Beekman Place Bklyn. 25  
360 Cabrini Blvd. Man. 40  
215 E. Gunhill Road Bronx 67

IL 9 6829  
GR 2 8216  
NA 8 0006  
BU 7 1456  
WA 8 4557  
OL 2 8897

S ALAN SPANIER  
JEFFREY SPANIER  
CARL STEWART  
RICHARD SUSSMAN

92 Wildwood Road Great Neck, NY  
92 Wildwood Road Great Neck, NY  
48 Club Drive Roslyn Heights, NY  
3488 Wilson Ave. Bronx 69

GR 2 4616  
GR 2 4616  
RO 3 3990  
OL 4 5649

T BEN TELLER

920 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. 26

BU 2 3300

W PETER MARSHALL  
ROBERT WEINGARD  
JESSE WEINGER  
JOSHUA WHITE  
RICHARD WIENER  
LEWIS WOLFENSON

56 Rugby Road Bklyn. 26  
62-53 Alderton St. Rego Park 74, NY  
23 Flower Road Valley Stream, NY  
1165 Park Ave. Man. 28  
1950 E. Tremont Ave. Bronx 62  
94-10 64th Road Rego Park 74, NY

IN 2 3011  
HA 9 3085  
VA 5 7398  
AT 9 6976  
UN 3 3507  
IL 9 0452

Z LEONARD ZIR

680 Ft. Washington Ave. Man. 40

WA 7 3110



A NAOMI ADELMAN  
JANE AGRANOFF  
SHERRY AMSTERDAM  
JEAN ANTON  
THELMA AIDMON  
GAIL ANGRIST

1032 E. 23rd St., Bklyn, 10  
48 Maplewood Ave., West Hartford, Conn.  
65 Central Park West - Man. 23  
1339 Boynton Ave. Bronx 72  
1041 Kipling Road Elizabeth NJ  
1005 Kipling Road Elizabeth NJ

CL 8-2078  
AD 2 5261  
EN 2 9437  
TI 2 6858  
EL 4 1795  
EL 2 3692

B MARJORIE BAER  
RIMA BERG  
DEENA BERLIANT  
JANE BERLIANT  
ELIZABETH BERLINER  
EVELYN BERMAN  
SUSAN BERMAN  
DEBORAH BERSIN  
SUSAN BLAZER  
ELLIN BLISS  
BARBARA BULOVA  
CAROL BUSCH  
AVA BRY

255 Ft. Washington Ave. NY 32  
6330 Cromwell Crescent Rego Park, NY  
10 Orchard St. Great Neck, NY  
10 Orchard St. Great Neck, NY  
Glengary Road Croton on Hudson, NY  
2212 Lyon Ave. Bronx 61  
138 Columbia Heights Bklyn. 1  
451 Westminster Road Bklyn. 18  
48 13th Ave. Paterson, NJ  
63 Glenlawn Ave. Sea Cliff, NY  
50 Elm St. Glens Falls, NY  
155 Craig Ave. Freeport, NY  
457 Richmond Ave. Maplewood, NJ

WA 3 7711  
TW 7 6618  
GR 2 1353  
GR 2 1358  
CR 1 3356  
UN 3 0357  
UL 5 6990  
IN 2 1100  
LA 3 1544  
GL 4 5376  
CL 2 3023  
FR 9 8588  
SO 2 4394

C ELEANOR CHAMBERS  
ELVA CHERNOW  
MARGO CHUSID  
SIDNEY CULLINEN

601 W. 160th St. Man. 32  
50 Burton Ave. Woodmere, NY  
74 Parrot Ave. New Rochelle, NY  
35-45 223rd St. Bayside, NY

WA 3 4623  
FR 4 1607  
NE 2 5029  
BA 9 2963

D BARBARA DAVIDSON  
ELLA DOBKIN

56 Milburn Lane Roslyn, NY  
2550 University Ave. Bronx 68

RO 3 2517  
CY 5 4977

E ELLEN EISENBERG	141 E. 19th St. Bklyn. 26	BU 4 0883
KAREN EISENBERG	143 Douglas Ave. Yonkers, NY	YO 8 5071
FELICE ELIAS	4 Longview Ave. Scarsdale, NY	SC 5 0273
ROBERTA ELIAS	4 Longview Ave. Scarsdale, NY	SC 5 0273
LOIS ENGELSON	2212 Lyon Ave. Bronx 62	TY 2 6080
JULIE EUBEN	141-42 - 70th Road Flushing 67, NY	BO 3 8480

**F CAROL FUCHS**      81-43 - 192nd Street Jamaica 23, NY      HO 8 1050

G LUCY GILBERT	118-25 231st Street Cambria Hghts, NY	LA 5 8097
JUDY GINGOLD	617 West End Ave. Man. 24	TR 7 6450
JOAN GLASSHEIM	325 West End Ave. Man. 23	SC 4 2034
BELINDA GOLD	3616 Henry Hudson Pkwy. Bronx 63	KI 3 6199
ELLEN GOLD	1900 Newkirk Ave. Bklyn. 26	UL 9 1043
BARBARA GOLDSTEIN	599 West 190th Street Man 40	WA 3 7570
JANET GOLDSTEIN	183 East Devonia Ave. Mount Vernon, NY	MO 7 7781
RUTH GOLDSTEIN	3009 Kingsbridge Terrace Bronx 63	KI 3 0395
DEBORAH GORDON	58 Sterling Street Bklyn. 25	BU 2 4189
MAIDA GORDON	199-80 Keno Ave. Holliswood, NY	HO 5 3100
ELLEN GRAND	3240 Henry Hudson Parkway Bronx 63	KI 6 2700
RUTH GROSSMAN	138 Livingston Ave. New Brunswick, NJ	CH 9 4322

H CAROL HERZENBERG	1125 Park Ave. Man. 28	SA 2 5173
LINDA HERZENBERG	1125 Park Ave. Man. 28	SA 2 5173
NANCY HIRSCH	155 Winthrop Street Bklyn. 25	IN 2 2302
ELLEN HOLLANDER	2780 University Ave. Bronx 68	KI 3 8370
CAROL HYMAN	227 Riverside Drive Man. 25	AC 2 4470
SUZIE HYMAN	69-10 108th Street Forest Hills, NY	LI 4 8170

K ARLENE KAGLE	287 St. John's Ave. Yonkers, NY	YO 5 7564
ILENE KAPLAN	7 Eastdale Road White Plains, NY	WH 6 9294
PAULA KATZ	175 West 93rd Street Man. 25	RI 9 6303
CAROL KAUFMAN	585 Park Ave. Cedarhurst, NY	CE 9 7739
BARBARA KINZLER	7 West 81st Street Man. 24	TR 4 5468
KAREN KISSIN	186 Pinehurst Ave. Man. 33	WA 3 0291
SUSAN KOHN	1225 Park Ave. Man. 28	SA 2 6153
JANET KONIG	57 Montgomery Pl. Bklyn. 15	MA 2 7527
KAREN KRASNER	12 Cooper Road Scarsdale, NY	SC 5 1344
JUDY KRASNOW	143 Douglas Ave. Yonkers, NY	YO 8 6322

**L RENEE LA FARGE**      25 Central Park West Man. 23      CI 6 6471

L ELLEN LARSEN	18 Lynack Road Hawthorne, NJ	HA 7 4843
LOIS LEMPEL	230 W. 105th St. NY 25	RI 9 4514
JULIE LEVIN	3850 Sedgwick Ave. Bronx 63	KI 6 2077
CAROLE LEWIS	3488 Wilson Ave. Bronx 69	OL 2 3683

M ERICA MANN	211 Central Park West Man. 24	EN 2 1831
REBECCA MANOIL	314 Chemung St. Waverly NY	WAVERLY 390
JOYCE MAZUR	1586 Stevenson Road Hewlett NY	FR 4 4398
JOAN MILLER	67-85 Exeter St. Forest Hills NY	BO 8 5092
BARBARA MILLMAN	15 Farmer Road Great Neck, NY	GR 2 4362
JUDITH MINOFF	444 E. 38th Paterson, NJ	SH 2 5228
HELEN MOSES	1575 Unionport Road Bronx 62	UN 3 0978

O LYDIA ORENS	422 E. 38th St. Paterson, NJ	SH 2 8398
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P SUZANNE PANKEN	2675 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. 29	N1 8 3680
DIANA PAULSON	14 Anchor Road Rye, NY	MA 9 1460
GAIL PIERCE	45 Christopher St. Man. 14	CH 2 6176
BARBARA PINE	9 Central Drive Great Neck, NY	GR 2 1859
SUSAN PINES	1595 Unionport Road Bronx 62	TA 2 0957
MARION PERKIS	285 Central Park West Man. 24	SC 4 8712
NANCY PRINCE	300 Ft. Washington Ave. NY 32	WA 3 7960

R AMY RASKIN	118 E. 93rd St. NY 28	AT 9 2791
JOAN RINDLER	186 Riverside Drive Man. 24	TR 7 7882
CLAUDIA ROSENBERG	75 Spruce Drive Roslyn, NY	AC 2 7060
GINGER ROTHMAN	314 West 100th St. NY 25	GR 2 8595
ALLENE RUBIN	39 South Drive Great Neck, NY	

S BARBARA SAMUELS	46 Beverly Road Great Neck, NY	GR 2 7567
MARJORIE SAPHIER	1070 Links Road Woodmere NY	FR 4 1945
PHYLLIS SEAMAN	600 E. 26th St. Bklyn 10	GE 4 6151
GAIL SCHIFFER	1351 E. 29th St. Bklyn 10	ES 7 0952
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ALICE SCHWEIG	355 Pelhamdale Ave. Pelham, NY	PE 8 3055
ELENA SEGAL	2101 Tiebout Ave. Bronx 57	SE 3 8355
SUSAN SHAPIRO	15 Pell Place New Rochelle, NY	NE 6 6728
SUSAN SEIDEMAN	88 Kings Cross Scarsdale, NY	SC 5 1355
JO-ANN SEITMAN	350 Central Park West Man. 25	UN 5 4671
MARILYN SEITMAN	350 Central Park West Man. 25	UN 5 4671

S NATALIE SIEGEL 16 E. 98th St. Man. 29 AT 9 7525  
ROSALIE SIEGEL 16 E. 98th St. Man. 29 AT 9 7525  
JUDITH SILBERSTEIN 51 Arletgh Road Great Neck, NY GR 2 7403  
CYNTHIA SILVER 921 Washington Ave. Bklyn 25 IN 2 5729  
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KAREN STEINBERG 6244 Cromwell Crescent Rego Park, NY IL 9 5571  
DIANE STOLLER 3530 Henry Hudson Pkwy. Riverdale, NY KI 8 2942  
SUSAN SWICK 45 East End Ave. Man. 28 TR 9 0242

V JANE VICTOR 3508 Kings College Place Bronx 67 KI 7 9225

W SUSAN MARSHALL 56 Rugby Road Bklyn. 26 IN 2 3011  
EDITH WEBSTER 325 West End Ave. Man. 23 TR 3 1025  
SHEILA WHITE 40 Shore Blvd. Bklyn. 35 DE 2 2646  
MARY WOLF 962 Allen Lane Woodmere, NY FR 4 0324

"T  
Technically, i'm not here..."



A DAVID ALLAN  
BEN APFELBAUM

813 E. 51st St. Bklyn. 3  
717 Webster Ave. New Rochelle, NY

IN 9 1466  
NE 6 4666

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BOB BLANK  
LINDA BRENNER

37 Inwood St. Yonkers, NY  
99-55 65th Ave. Forest Hills, NY  
1114 Prospect Ave. Melrose Pk. 26, Pa.

YO 5 8391  
IL 9 6537  
ME 5 0151

C JEFFREY CHAMBERS  
MICHAEL CHERNUCHIN  
LAURIE COHEN  
SELWYN COHEN

601 W. 160th St. Man. 32  
610 West End Ave. Man. 24  
1136 Coolidge Road Elizabeth, NJ  
1187 E. 214th St. Bronx 69

WA 3 4623  
TR 7 5702  
EL 5 1923  
OL 2 6045

D LEONARD DWORKIN

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CY 9 3665

E ALBERT EPSTEIN

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DE 9 8357

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ELAN GOLOMB

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2121 Westbury Court Bklyn. 25

EL 5 3063  
IN 2 2857

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Hillandale Road Portchester, NY

KI 6 3058  
WE 9 1448

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100-29 75th Ave. Forest Hills, NY  
200 Bennett Ave. Man. 33

SP 9 1221  
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LO 8 1877

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1589 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. 30  
306 Westwood Road Woodmere, NY

HE 5 6364  
KI 8 3121  
LA 3 4581  
ES 5 0747  
CL 2 5075  
FR 4 0981

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ANN MORRISON

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TE 4 4311

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ED 2 7047

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ELEANOR WILE  
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STUART WURTZEL

9851 65th Ave. Rego Park 74, NY  
1520 Archer Road Bronx 62, NY  
74 Burton Ave. Woodmere, NY  
48 Sunlight Hill Yonkers 4, NY  
251 Conklin Ave. Hillside, NJ

ED 9 4662  
DN 3 3047  
EP 4 3206  
YU 3 7457  
WH 3 7452

Z BERNARD ZUCKER

129 E. 38th St. Bklyn. 3

ED 4 7224

"SHHHH...  
there's a meeting tonight..."



ERNST & ILSE BULOVA

3750 Hudson Manor Ter. Riverdale, NY KI 8 3908

A JESSE & DORIS ADLER  
HARRY & SARA ALLAN  
ANDREW ALPERN  
OLIVIA RIDDEL ALPI  
DAVE & ANNA ANTON

E 196 Concord Drive Paramus, NJ  
813 E. 51st St. Bklyn.3  
41 W. 82nd St. Man.24  
347 W. 145th St. Man. 31  
1339 Boynton Ave. Bronx 72

CO 1 9054  
IN 9 1466  
EN 2 8460  
TI 2 6858

B GERALD (RED) BARDEN  
DR. NOAH BARYSH  
BOB BENSON  
HANK BERG  
LLOYD & ADELAIDE BERGEN  
MATTHEW BERGEN  
ALAN BLANK  
STEPHEN BULOVA

120 Brookside Road Darien, Conn.  
Main St. New Milford, Conn.  
7 Monfort Drive Huntington, NY  
75-04 184th St. Flushing 66, NY  
Bolles School Jacksonville, Fla.  
195 Harvard Ave. Rockville Centre, NY  
99-55 65th Ave. Forest Hills, NY  
1630 Yale Station New Haven, Conn.

DA 5 0988  
EL 4 5420  
CO 2 5528j  
JA 3 0440  
FL 9 6640  
RC 4 2065  
IL 9 6537

C LESLIE CHARLOW  
PETER COHEN

2165 Chatterton Ave. Bronx 72  
70 Greenacres Ave. Scarsdale, NY

TA 9 0480  
SC 3 7789

D CORA DIAMOND  
DAVID DOBKIN

975 Walton Ave. Bronx 52  
2550 University Ave. Bronx 68

JE 7 1074  
CY 5 4977



E ERIC EISENKLM  
JOAN E SANU  
SHIRLEY E SANU  
PETER EUBEN

277 West End Ave. Man. 23 SU 7 4057  
43-34 Union St. Flushing, NY FL 8 6519  
43-34 Union St. Flushing, NY FL 8 6519  
141-42 70th Road Kew Garden Hills, NY BO 3 8480

C JOHN GEIST  
STEVEN GOLDSTEIN  
STANLEY GOTTLIEB  
MARTHA GREENBAUM

145 Central Park West Man. 23 TR 7 1209  
3009 Kingbridge Ter. Bronx 63 KI 3 0395  
303 Beverly Road Bklyn. 18 GE 5 0198  
60 Knightbridge Road Great Neck, NY HU 2 5386

K DAVE & JEANNE KATZ  
JOYCE KIRSHBAUM  
BARRY KORNFIELD  
JUDY KOSHETZ

37-21 80th St. Jackson Heights 72, NY HI 6 7187  
245 Sullivan Place Bklyn. 25 PR 8 6936  
105-10 65th Road Forest Hills 75, NY IL 9 0204  
387 E. Fourth St. Bklyn. 18 GE 6 8431

L ARTHUR LAUFER  
MARCIA LEVY  
RICHARD LEVY  
BERNIE LEIF

960 Park Ave. Man. 28 RE 4 8944  
444 Central Park West Man. 25 AC 2 4136  
61 StonySide Drive Larchmont, NY TE 4 3965  
39 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. 25 UL 6 7710

M ELEANOR (DUTCH) MAYER

1010 California Pl. S. Island Pk., NY GE 2 5004

O JOAN O'ROURKE

1015 S. California Pl. Island Park, NY GE 2 0822

P LIESEL PANTKE  
PAULINE PETERSON  
ALVIN PINE  
JERRY POLLON  
MIMSIE PRICE

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Priest River, Idaho TY 3 9203  
1357 Noble Ave. Bronx 72 WA 8 3207  
105 Pinehurst Ave. Man. 33 FR 4 1265  
109 Woodmere Blvd. Woodmere, NY

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36 Buff Road Tenafly, NJ  
66-37 Yellowstone Blvd Forest Hills, NY  
110 E. 16th St. Man. 3  
3530 Henry Hudson Pkwy E, Riverdale, NY  
2304 Ocale Ave. Baltimore, Md.

WY I 0946  
EN 3 3944  
LI 4 8652  
GR 3 4197  
KI 8 2942  
MA 3 5075

T PAT TRISCHMAN

Rockfall, Conn.

DI 6 4120

U DAN URTNOWSKI

438 W. 116th St. Man. 27

UN 4 8072

W ELSA WALBERG  
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102-26 92nd Ave., Richmond Hills, NY  
3875 Waldo Ave. Riverdale 63, NY  
125 Cabrini Blvd. Man. 40  
5536 Lynview Ave. Baltimore 15, Md.  
1520 Archer Road Bronx 62  
74 Burton Ave. Woodmere, NY  
1359 Hewlett Lane Hewlett, NY  
48 Sunlight Hill Yonkers, NY

VI 9 2306  
KI 3 2327  
TO 7 1604  
LI 2 9723  
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FR 4 3206  
FR 4 1730  
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Y PETER YAMIN

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EN 2 2718

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Our sincere thanks to Dick Schiffer, who helped so much in the production of this Yearbook.

And to Elly Wile, editor of the Yearbook last year, and CIT of the Print Shop this year, our deepest appreciation for giving so enthusiastically of her effort, her talent, and her inspiration. She truly exemplifies our theme of this year-- the spirit of Buck's Rock.

## is **MY** name on the staff?

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**A**nd above all, thanks to all who inked the rollers, ran pages upside down, messed up pages, spilled ink on machines and each other and otherwise added to the great sense of fun and accomplishment achieved by all who have worked, in the spirit of Buck's Rock, on the 1956 Yearbook.

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Carol Kaufman, Jon Marks

**we** come to this camp from far away places. On the first day a man stands up, tells us about the camp, and extending his hands he ends his talk with, "Here are your opportunities."

**we work** because work is religion. We direct the energy within us---the energy that has flowed from a thousand sources into nailing a board on the Print Shop annex, or portraying a part in the "Shy and the Lonely," or selling vegetables to unwilling parents.

**we work alone** because we are alone. Each of us is a separate body with experiences and values that will never be duplicated. We alone can truly understand our own soul.

**we work alone together** because in cooperative working, moments of understanding and love may be shared, moments so holy that the angels looking down from heaven are jealous.

DAN WILE

